No. 128 July '69

MAD

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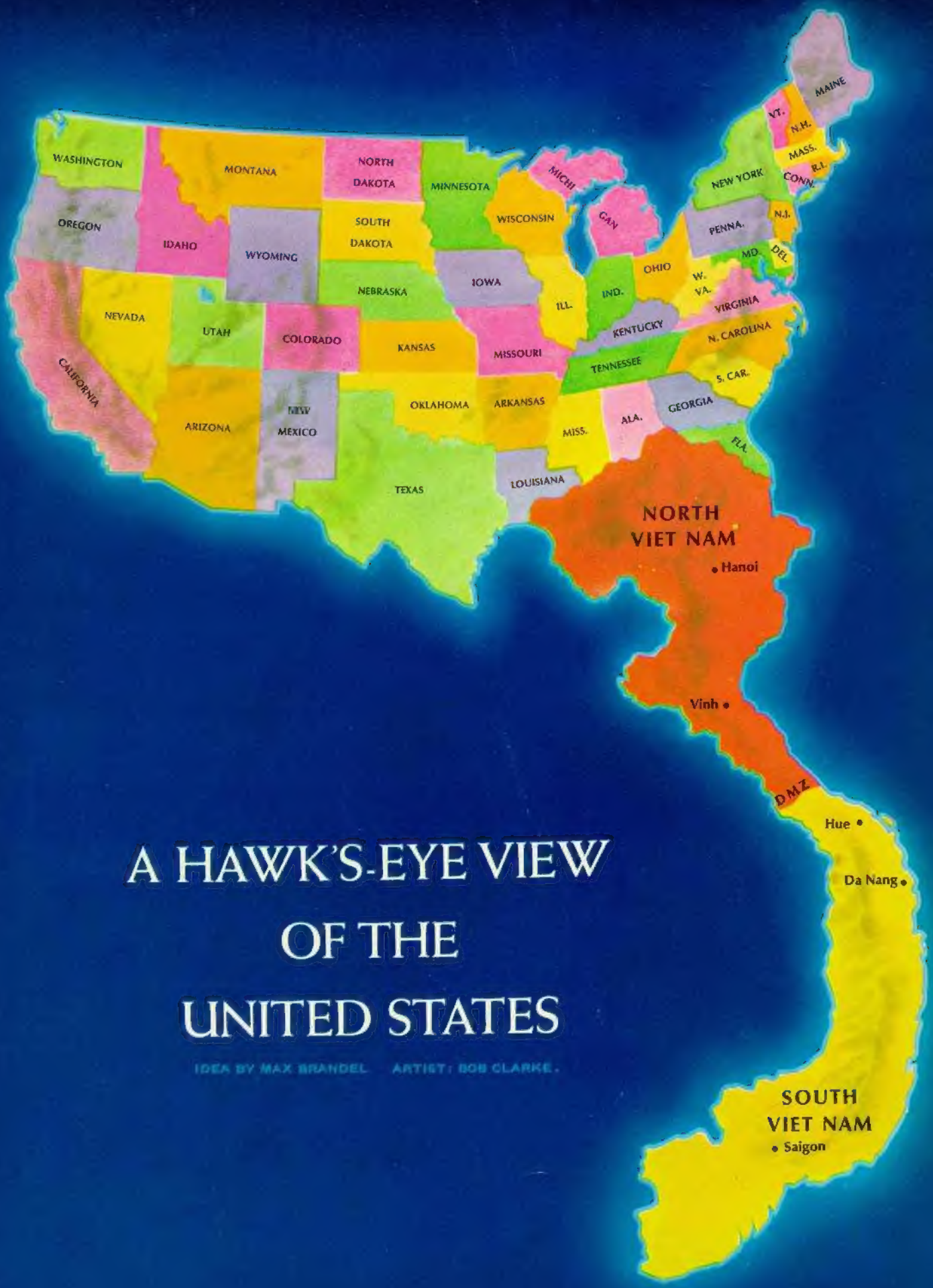

A HAWK'S-EYE VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES

IDEA BY MAX BRANDEL ARTIST: BOB CLARKE.

NUMBER 128 JULY 1969

MAD

"Mini-skirts are getting so short these days, there's probably more cotton in the top of a bottle of aspirin!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Amusement Parks 26

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
On A Saturday Afternoon 11
One Day In The Hospital 21
One Day In A Sawmill 35

EVALUATING THE POUNDS DEPARTMENT
You Know You're Really Overweight When 22

FAIR GAME DEPARTMENT
MAD's Nature Study Guide 12

FOR BETTER OR VERSE DEPARTMENT
Some "Greeting Cards To Newlyweds" We'd Like To See ... 32

INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT
A Peek Behind The Scenes At A Laundry & Dry Cleaner 36

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 31

LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones ..... **

PICKET YOURSELF DEPARTMENT
MAD's All-Inclusive Protest Newspaper Story 24

POT AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW
The Guru of Ours 4

PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCES DEPARTMENT
The Heart Transplant 15

PUNCH IN THE NOISE DEPARTMENT
A Portfolio Of Appropriate Comic Strip Sound Effects 38

RAH-RAH-RIOT DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Two College Generations 43

RIB A DUBBED DUD DEPARTMENT
MAD's Foreign Film Producer Of The Year 17

SAFE ON SECOND DEPARTMENT
The Heist 41

**Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES

THE GURU OF OURS Pg. 4

MAD'S NATURE STUDY GUIDE Pg. 12

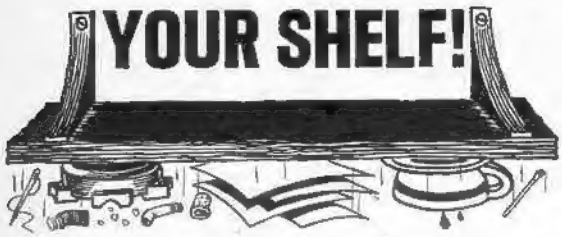
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF AMUSEMENT PARKS Pg. 26

GREETING CARDS TO NEWLYWEDS WE'D LIKE TO SEE Pg. 32

A PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES AT A LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANER Pg. 36

A MAD LOOK AT TWO COLLEGE GENERATIONS Pg.

MAKE A FOOL OF YOUR SHELF!



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- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The USA
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LETTERS DEPT.

"WHO NEEDS YOU" COVER

To paraphrase your latest cover (#126), "Who Needs MAD Magazine?!"

Robert Zych
Champaign, Ill.

A MAD LOOK AT FRUSTRATION

Your article entitled "A MAD Look At Frustration" was hilarious. At the same time it was frustrating. There wasn't enough of it!

Steve Levine
Whitestone, N.Y.

My congrats to Jack Kent and Paul Coker for "A MAD Look At Frustration". Your whole mag blows my mind, but this article was too much. Except that Jack forgot the most frustrating thing of all . . . mainly not being able to fold the "MAD Fold-In" accurately!

George Winship
Spokane, Wash.

FOOTBALL LOWLIGHTS

"Football Lowlights" was really great! It scores an extra point for MAD!

Tom Stanton
Tehran, Iran

BEHIND THE SCENES AT AN AIRPORT

Your "Peek Behind The Scenes At An Airport" was a truly great piece of work. Ironically enough, everything in it was true!

Kathleen Dornburgh
Glen Ridge, N.J.

Somebody goofed! In your introduction to "A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At An Airport", you said it was the fourth installment. It's only your third! Now, how about "A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At MAD Magazine"?

Paul Menes
Los Angeles, Calif.

MAD TEACHING AID

Just thought I'd let you know that I am an English teacher and along with Rod McKuen and Judy Collins records, I use MAD in my teaching. Nothing illustrates satire, understatement, hyperbole, rhyme scheme (scream), pun, etc. better. Thanks for the teaching aid.

J. P. Luby
Benton, Miss.

FAMILIAR AFFAIR

Well, Mort Drucker and Stan Hart did it again with "Familiar Affair" (#126). I almost fell out of my tree laughing!

Gidget Goransson
Lambertville, Mich.

I would like to pat you warmly on the back for turning a disgusting, nauseating Television program such as "Family Affair" into a thoroughly enjoyable, laughable satire like "Familiar Affair"! Mort Drucker's art was sensational.

Natalie Callander
Groton, Mass.

"Familiar Affair" was unique for MAD. It really stunk. Creating such an atrocity is an "UNfamiliar Affair" for you guys. Better luck next time.

Perry G. Brown
Bronx, N.Y.

You've done it again! You've taken something as sweet and pure and innocent and lovable and warm and humble and . . . SICKENING as "Family Affair", and you've knocked it! That's UN-AMERICAN! My compliments to Stan Hart and Mort Drucker.

Dave Cohen
Highland Park, N.J.

In my neighborhood, video tapes of "Family Affair" are chopped up and used as a non-coloric sugar substitute. My congratulations to MAD for showing us the validity of our actions.

E. J. Martin
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Your "Familiar Affair" was a familiar failure!

Richard Rubenstein
Pompton Plains, N.J.

Congratulations on taking another big step forward toward the elimination of dumb TV Shows! Long live MAD!

Bruce Jacobs
Rochester, N.Y.

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE WHEN THEY SMILE

You're in trouble whenever you buy MAD . . . because Alfred E. Neuman is always smiling at you.

John Lavet
Los Angeles, Calif.

You're in trouble when the Newsstand Dealer smiles at you after you've bought MAD . . . because he knows you just wasted thirty-five cents on garbage.

Ronnie Gardner
Brooklyn, N.Y.

You're in trouble if you smiled at "You're In Trouble . . . When They Smile" because "You're In Trouble . . . When They Smile" was a rotten article.

Bob Levin
St. Paul, Minn.

HUGH VS. HELEN

"A MAD Look at Hugh vs. Helen" was very urbane, clever, and showed those two characters up for what they really are —a couple of major influences in making our "Sick Society" what it is.

Sally Morrison
West Hartford, Conn.

I feel absolutely ENSHRINED!

Helen Gurley Brown
New York, New York

DRAWN-OUT DRAMAS

I think that Sergio Aragones's "Drawn-Out Dramas" are the best things in your magazine. I laugh so much at these little marginal cartoons that I never get around to reading the rest of the magazine.

E. Meyers
Winnetka, Ill.

A TYPICAL SUCCESS STORY

I strongly resent your derogatory references to the bassoon in your "Typical Success Story Of The Past". As the second bassoonist in the Taylor-Allerdice High School Band, I have already given the bassoon a bad enough name. And there was no need to say that a bassoonist requires a big mouth. The students at Taylor-Allerdice High School have already discovered that fact.

Steven M. Segal
2nd Bassoonist
Taylor-Allerdice H.S.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE BEAT GENERATION

I must commend you on your back cover to issue #126, "The Beat Generation". It certainly points up the resentments most people, including the police, have for anyone with long hair and sandals.

Kenneth Glickman
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I think MAD's back cover was totally uncalled for and completely inexcusable. Anyone silly enough to wear long hair and funny clothes deserves to be put down by the police or anybody else that cares what our great country is coming to.

Phillip Stevens
Easthampton, Mass.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE . . .

I would like to congratulate MAD for its lonely literary crusade against the evils of tobacco. Thanks to you guys, today's youth no longer feels inclined to experiment with nicotine and tars the way I did. Instead, they're consoling themselves by smoking "pot"! You've done a great job!

Benedict W. Boujsgewski MM3
USS Enterprise CVA (N) 65
FPO San Francisco

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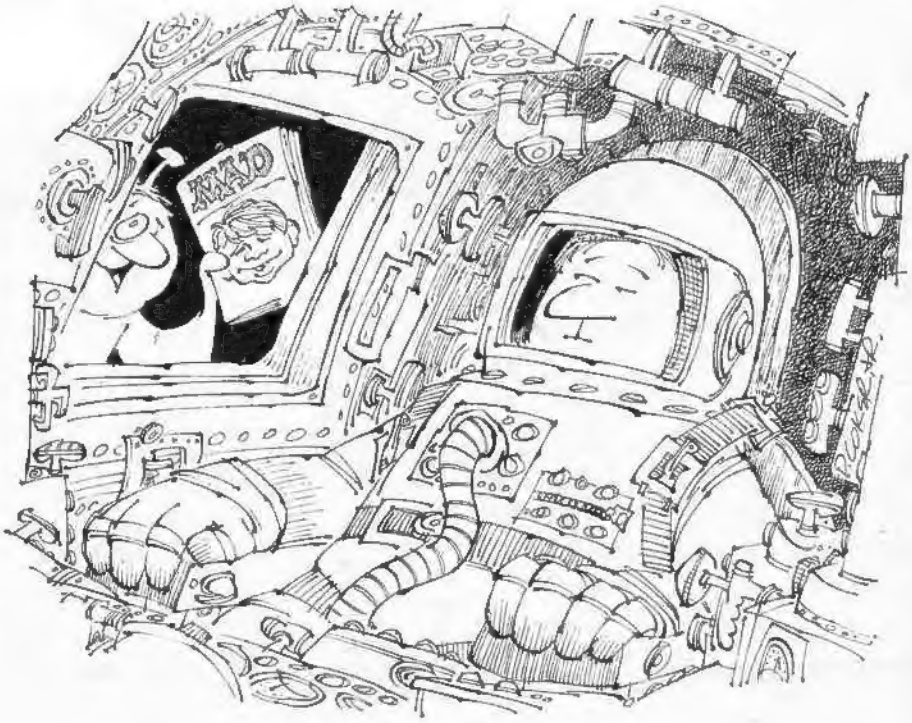

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6% INTEREST

Yes, it looks like only about 6% of our readers are interested in owning full-color portraits of MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman... suitable for framing, or training puppies. The other 94%, it seems, would prefer to keep their money in the bank, (where it earns 5% interest!) instead of mailing in 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9 or $2.00 for 27 to MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

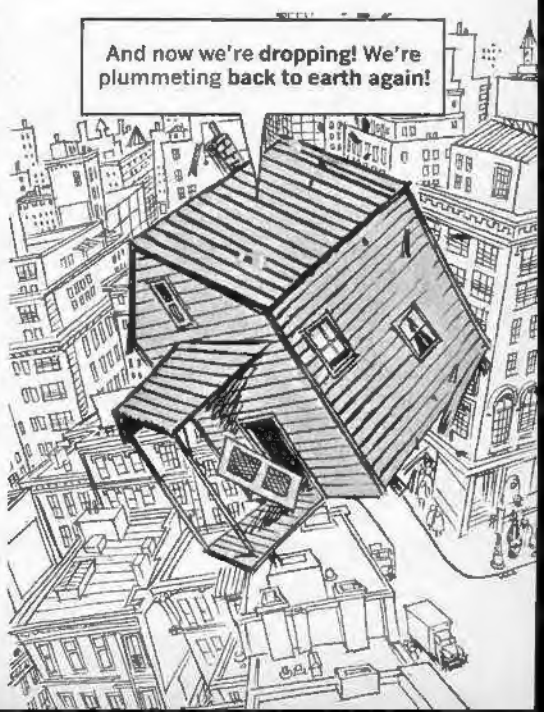
POT AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW DEPT.

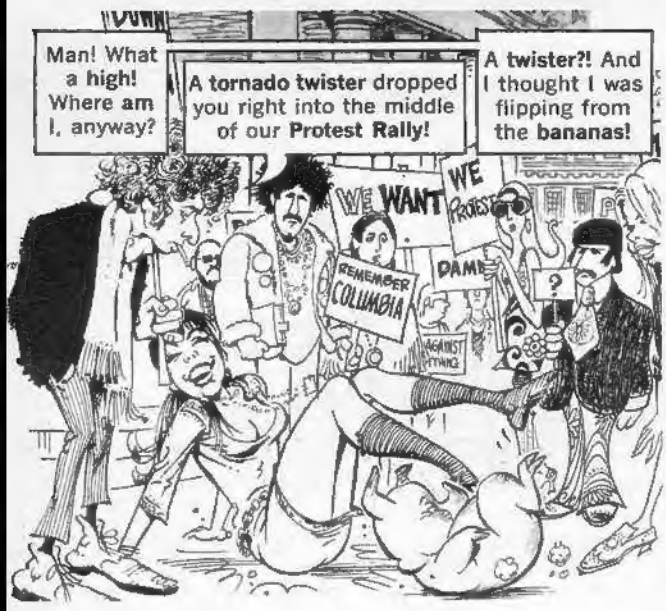
Every year, "The Wizard Of Oz" is shown on television, and every year, millions of viewers are enchanted by the story of a teenage girl who loses touch with reality, takes a wild trip and meets a lot of way-out characters. In 1939, when the movie was made, it was called a "fantasy". Today . . . it would be real. And so, with many apologies to the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodsman and the Cowardly Lion, MAD presents an up-dated version of "The Wizard Of Oz" . . . namely:

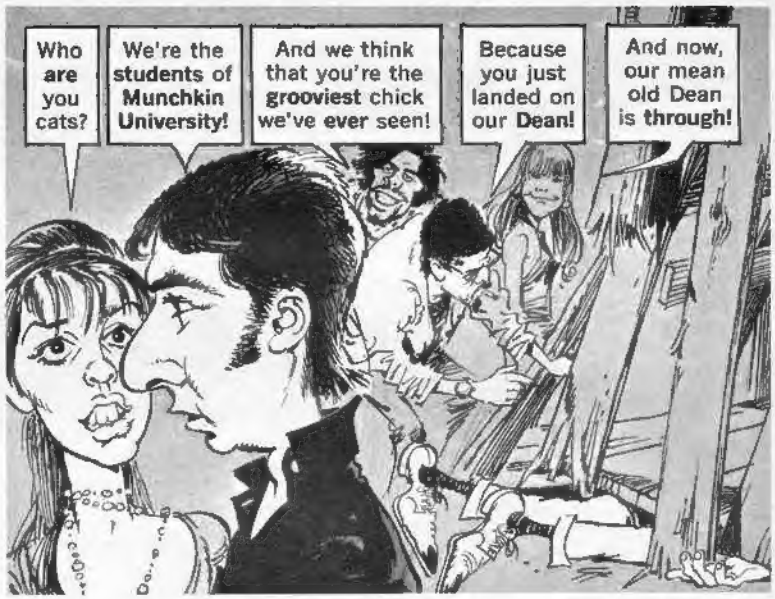
THE

GURU OF OURS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

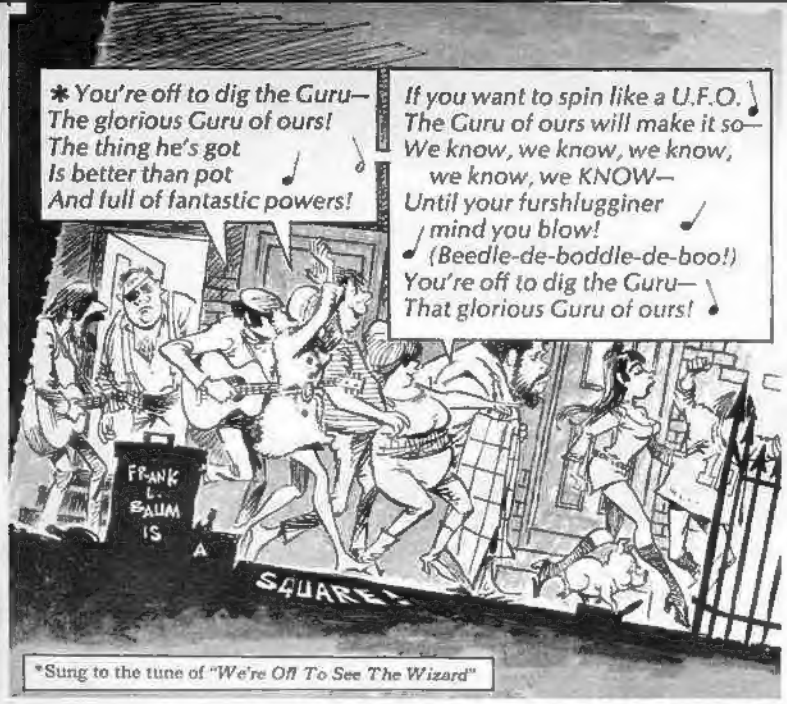


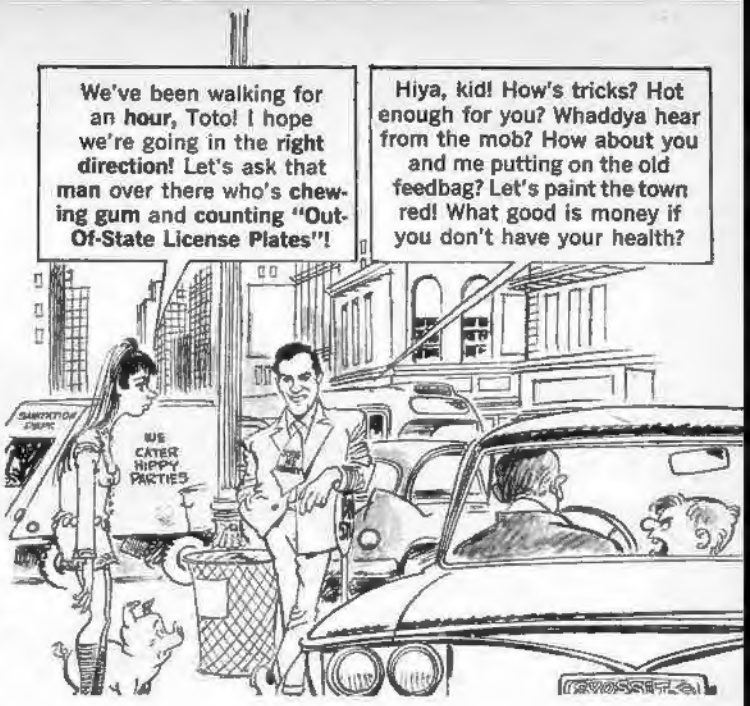


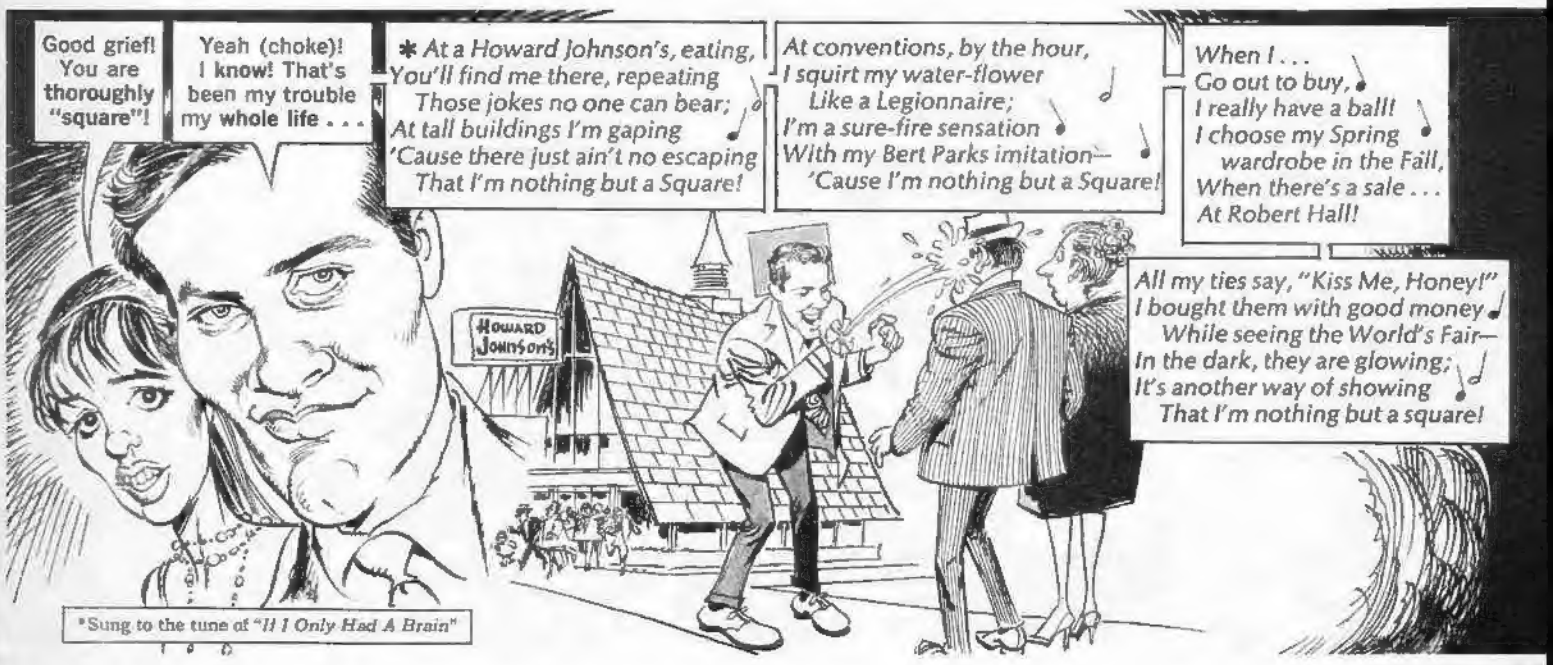


*Sung to the tune of "*Ding Dong, The Witch Is Dead!*"

*Sung to the tune of "*Follow The Yellow Brick Road*"

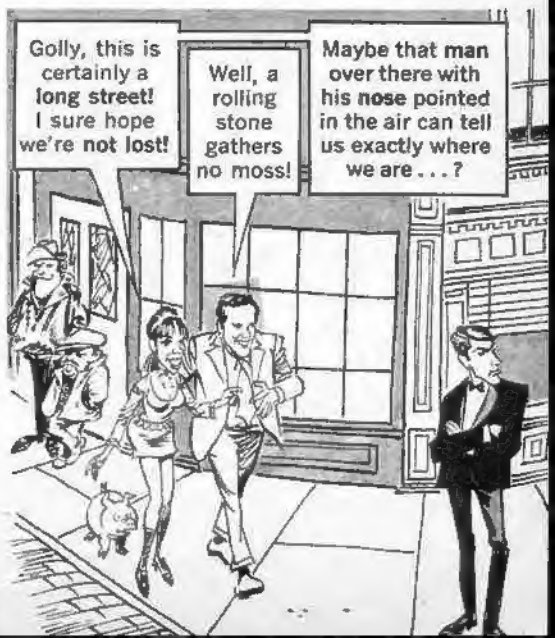

* You're off to dig the Guru—
The glorious Guru of ours!
The thing he's got
Is better than pot
And full of fantastic powers!
If you want to spin like a U.F.O.
The Guru of ours will make it so—
We know, we know, we know,
we know, we KNOW—
Until your furshlugginer
mind you blow!
(Beedle-de-boddle-de-boo!)
You're off to dig the Guru—
That glorious Guru of ours!
FRANK L. BAUM IS A SQUARE!
*Sung to the tune of "We're Off To See The Wizard"


We've been walking for an hour, Toto! I hope we're going in the right direction! Let's ask that man over there who's chewing gum and counting "Out-Of-State License Plates"!
Hiya, kid! How's tricks? Hot enough for you? Whaddya hear from the mob? How about you and me putting on the old feedbag? Let's paint the town red! What good is money if you don't have your health?
WE CATER HIPPY PARTIES


Good grief! You are thoroughly "square"!
Yeah (choke)! I know! That's been my trouble my whole life . . .
* At a Howard Johnson's, eating,
You'll find me there, repeating
Those jokes no one can bear;
At tall buildings I'm gaping
'Cause there just ain't no escaping
That I'm nothing but a Square!
At conventions, by the hour,
I squirt my water-flower
Like a Legionnaire;
I'm a sure-fire sensation
With my Bert Parks imitation—
'Cause I'm nothing but a Square!
When I . . .
Go out to buy,
I really have a ball!
I choose my Spring
wardrobe in the Fall,
When there's a sale . . .
At Robert Hall!
All my ties say, "Kiss Me, Honey!"
I bought them with good money
While seeing the World's Fair—
In the dark, they are glowing;
It's another way of showing
That I'm nothing but a square!
HOWARD JOHNSON'S
*Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had A Brain"

You see, it's hopeless! You can't fight City Hall! I'm a total Square
Don't say that! I'm going to Underground City to dig the Guru! Why not come along? Maybe he can change you so you won't be a Square any more!
Sounds swell, honey! Just let me pull up my orange argyles, and—

We're off to dig the Guru—
KISS ME HONEY


Golly, this is certainly a long street! I sure hope we're not lost!
Well, a rolling stone gathers no moss!
Maybe that man over there with his nose pointed in the air can tell us exactly where we are . . . ?

Please, sir—I wonder if you can help us . . .?

How dare you talk to me! I don't know you, and even if I did, I wouldn't talk to you! Now remove yourself from my section of sidewalk, or I'll have you arrested, you presumptuous little snit!

Oooh! Are you nasty!

Of course I am, and with good reason—

*I was born to a tradition
That gives me a position
Above the common mob;
And I hope you're adjusting
That I find you quite disgusting,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Snob!

All the Lower Class is stinking;
Sometimes I'm even thinking
Bill Buckley is a slob;
I don't kiss girls I'm dating—
It might be contaminating,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Snob!

But, oh . . .
There's one I know
Who fills my heart with glee—
The one person whom I love to see;
Who can it be?
Who else but me?

*Sung to the tune of "*If I Only Had A Heart*"

With the dough I got
from Father,
I find that work's
a bother;
I've never had a job!
Roll-On Ban
I'm not getting—
I'm too elegant
for sweating,
'Cause I'm nothing
but a Snob!

WHO'S GONNA KNOW YOU HAVE AN ACNE CONDITION?

So you see . . . there's nothing I can do about it!

Sure there is! You can come with us to dig the Guru in Underground City! He's got fantastic powers and he just might be able to make a real human being out of you!

Well, if you can stand me, I guess I can stand you, so—

KISS ME HONEY

JEWEL

We're off to see the Guru—

Look at that strange fellow ahead of us carving his initials!

What's so strange about that?

He's carving them on a bum!

Did anyone ever tell you that you look like a second-rate hoodlum in a third-rate movie made by a fourth-rate studio?

Sure, but you gotta remember . . . I'm trying to overcome a basic hereditary deficiency—I'm just plain rotten!

*In the hottest Summer weather,
I'm dressed in boots and leather
With Levis tightly shrunk;
And I feel brave and reckless
When I wear my Nazi necklace,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Punk!

On my motorcycle, racing,
You'll find me often chasing
Some poor and helpless drunk;
When his head I am breaking,
There is surely no mistaking
That I'm nothing but a Punk!

Yes, I . . .
Am one tough guy
Who other folks
obey!
I took on a kid
the other day—
One punch
from me . . .
She ran away!

When a teacher says I bug him,
I just haul off and slug him;
I guess that's why I flunk!
Though I fail, still I bear up—
The whole school I simply tear up,
'Cause I'm nothing but a Punk!

*Sung to the tune of "*If I Only Had The Nerve*"

Why don't you come with us and dig the Guru? Maybe he can change you from a maladjusted unpopular discontented punk!
Yeah! Into a well-adjusted, popular, contented punk!
Heck . . . why not?! Gi'me a minute to roll up my bullwhip and—
We're off to dig the Guru—
UNDERGROUND CITY
HOME OF THE GURU
24-HOUR SERVICE NO WAITING
Meditations Yoga—Plaid Stamps
Well, here we are, Dorothy! What do you think of it?
It all seems so HOLY!
Oh, great Guru! We bow to your fantastic powers! Show us the way to Nirvana so we can gain inner peace, attain eternal happiness, and blow our minds!
Start with me, Guru! Why am I such a Square?
It's your clothes, Square Man! They're garish and loud and laughable! What you need are the NEW fashions—namely an up-to-date wardrobe from my company—Guru Men's Wear, Inc.
But these clothes are just as garish and loud and laughable as my old ones!
Of course they are! But now, instead of being a "Square", you are "Mod"! No longer will people jeer at you! Instead, they'll admire you as being one of the "In" crowd!
That will be Six Hundred Dollars, please!
What about me, Guru? How can I stop being a Snob?
Your trouble, Snob Man, is your devotion to material things! It does not allow for love to come into your life! You must look for a new set of values! You must GIVE AWAY all of your stocks and bonds and possessions!
Naturally, you must give them to a worthy cause—namely, "The Guru Foundation For Contemplation Of His Navel!"
What can you do for me, Guru?
All you need, Punk Man, is this guitar!
But I'm tone-deaf!
It makes no difference! You don't need talent!
All you need is a loud, grating voice and the ability to strum a few chords while singing gibberish! Instead of being called a Punk, you'll be hailed as a dazzling young genius whose songs, although unintelligible, are boldly exploring new horizons in pop music!
Naturally, your agent, namely Guru Enterprises, will take the usual 50% of all you make!
GURU

What about me, Guru? I want to get high with an insane glow and blow my mind and find Nirvana! How can you help me?

You, my dear, will move in with me where we can meditate in private! Together, we shall reach new heights of transcendental bliss and penetrate the sensual mysteries of the universe!

In other words, you're a dirty old man on the make!

And a schemer!

And a con man!

And a fake!

Naturally!! Who do you think is behind all the new-wave garbage of today? Who do you think is promoting those paintings of Brillo boxes that are called "art"; that ear-shattering din that is called "music"; those dull, mind-rotting movies that are called "art films"?

ME—that's who! It's the biggest put-on of all time, and it's given me the purest Nirvana of all . . . namely MONEY!!

*I promote those Fashions ghoulish,
Those Art-Films trite and foolish,
That "In Folk" all applaud;
With the greed of a vulture
I keep cashing in on culture
'Cause I'm nothing but a fraud!

I'm the man who's masterminding
The Pop Art that's so blinding—
Its sale should be outlawed!
Though it's trash, I won't knock it
While the profits line my pocket,
'Cause I'm nothing but a fraud!

All day . .
I sit and pray—
And though it may seem odd,
I tell my disciples I've met God;
Would you believe
He's going Mod?

While this "Holy" bit I'm faking,
A bundle I am making
From suckers who are awed;
And I hope you won't tattle
That I'm really from Seattle
And I'm nothing but a fraud!

*Reprise—sung to the tune of "*If I Only Had A Brain*"

Well, Guru, we've made our decision!

You're going to expose me?

Heck, no! We're going to join you! Where else can we make our pile so easy! Right, gang?

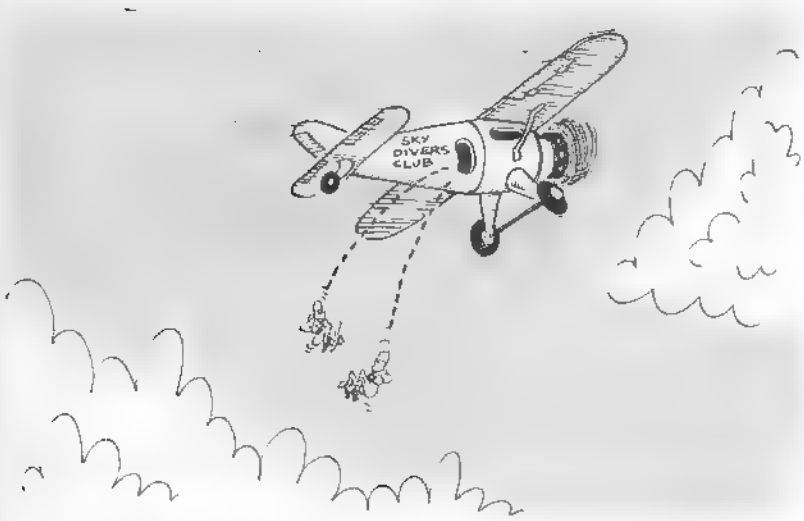
Right!

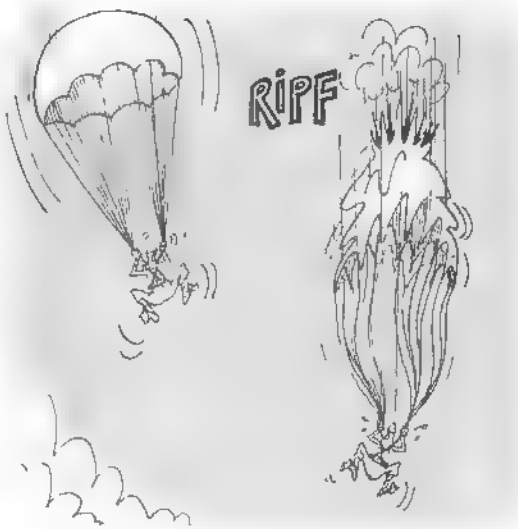
*We're glad we dug the Guru—
That greedy old Guru of ours!
He's on the make
And such a big fake,
He even wears phony flowers!

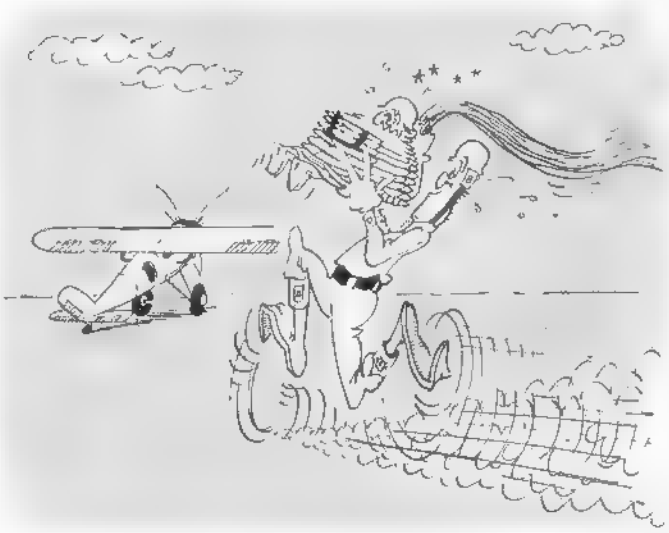
We don't give a darn
how he makes his dough
As long as we see our profits grow
And grow, and grow, and grow,
and grow, and GROW—
As merrily off to the bank we go!
(Beedle-de-boddle-de-boo!)
We're glad we dug the Guru—
That greedy old Guru of ours!

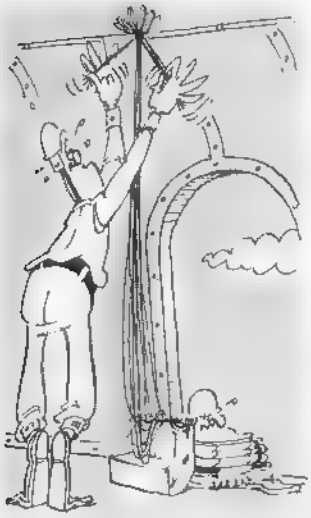
*Reprise—sung to the tune of "*We're Off To See The Wizard*"

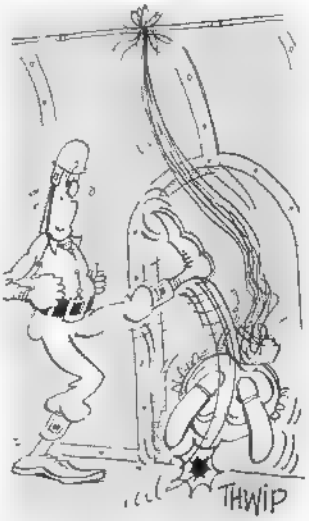
On A Saturday Afternoon











FAIR GAME DEPT.

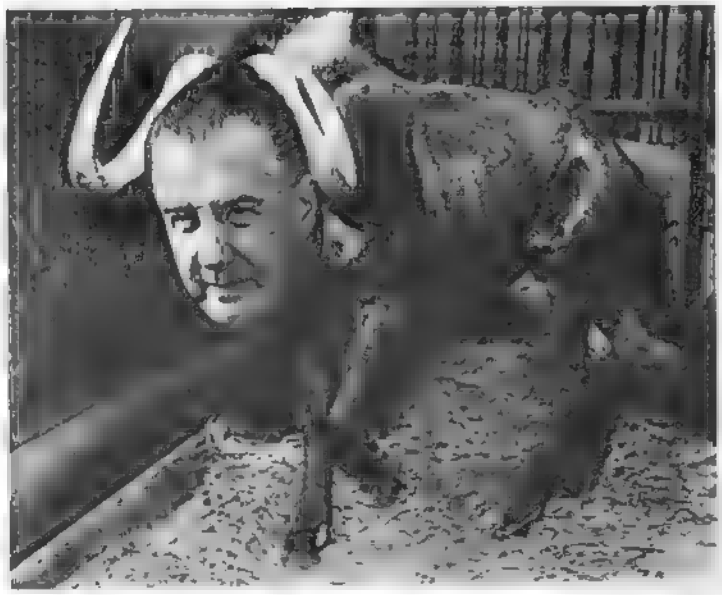
THERE ARE MANY STRANGE ANIMALS AND WEIRD BIRDS AROUND THESE

A MAD NATUR

THE BLUE JANE

(Exhibitionis flauntus)

Because of her blue characteristics, it is not surprising that the Blue Jane is considered a rather off-color bird. Once native to the United States, she now flits about the world, spreading her wings and making wild, unpredictable flights. Several times a year, she sheds her feathers in public, which causes a great sensation. For the Blue Jane, this seems to be a bare necessity. Small wonder that she is one of the great favorites of bird-watchers everywhere.

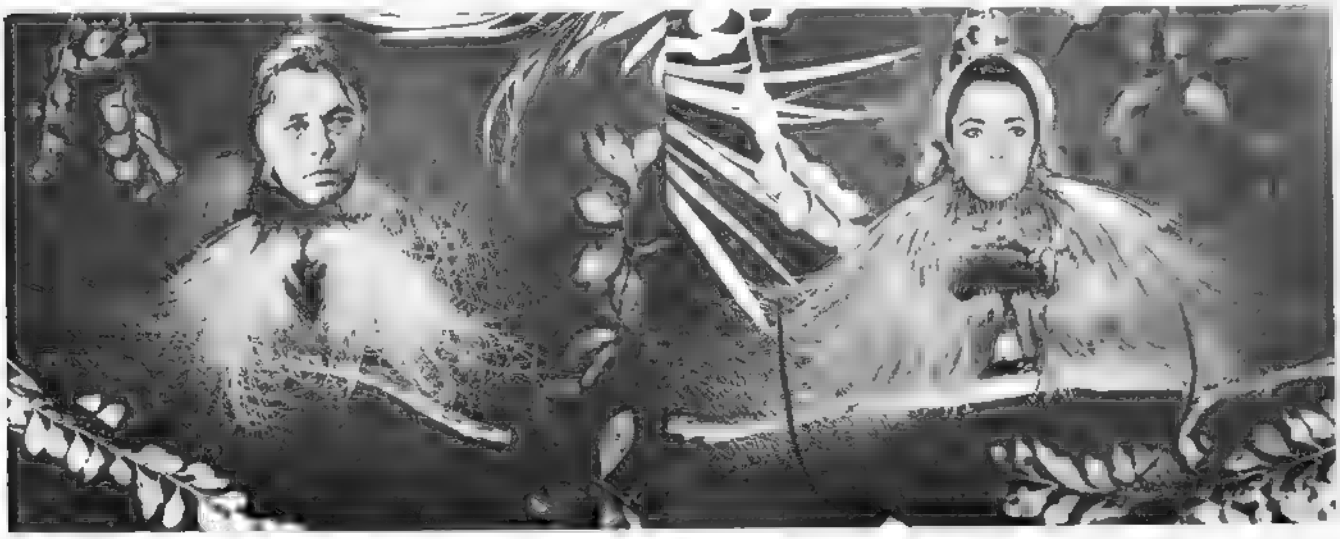


PHOTOS BY: U P I
WIDE WORLD

THE AGNU

(Blunderus Politicus)

Until recently, the Agnu was little known and rarely seen outside his small preserve in the Eastern part of the U. S. Today, however, he is a national creature and a household word. The Agnu makes great attempts to move forward, but has to spend much of his time back-tracking to make sure where he's at. An awkward beast, he often stumbles while trying to decide to move to the right or the left. Some people feel that the Agnu should not be allowed to roam wild due to his susceptibility to hoof-in-mouth disease.



THE BURTONS OF PARADISE

(Celebritus Sickenus)

The Burtons of Paradise believe that they are the most beautiful creatures in the forest. Because of this, they spend much of their time strutting and prancing about, showing off their plumage. The female of this species has been known to switch mates in the past, and it is rare to see her nesting with the same male for more than a few seasons. The feathers of the Burtons of Paradise are gold, which is also their favorite color. Despite their flashy brilliance, they are not above laying an occasional egg.

DAYS. IN ORDER TO HELP YOU IDENTIFY THEM, WE NOW PRESENT . . .

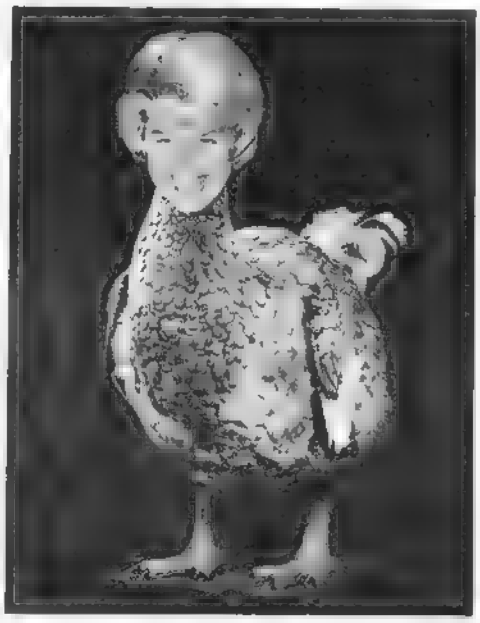
E STUDY GUIDE

CONCEIVED BY: MAX BRANDEL
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

THE DYLA MONSTER

(Raucus Incomprehensibus)

The Dyla Monster is not a monster at all; he just looks that way. Actually, he is an intelligent creature with a very important message, but he is unable to communicate it normally. So the message comes across as an incoherent rasping whine. The Dyla Monster lets his hair grow wild so he won't resemble his enemies, the Fat Cats *(Squarus Conformi)*, whom he hates because of their considerable wealth, status and material possessions. Today, the Dyla Monster is an exalted creature who has managed to gather up considerable wealth, status and material possessions.



THE DODO

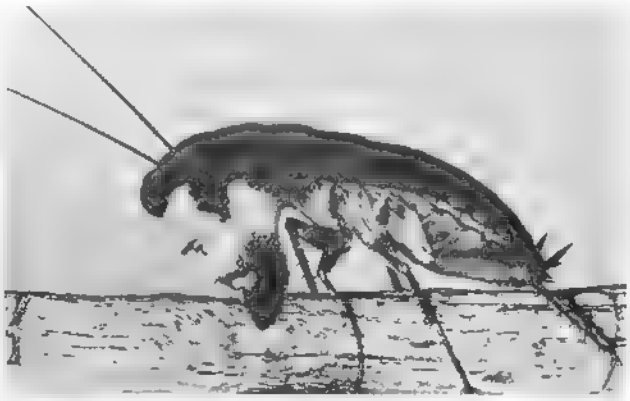
(Hollywoodus Innocuous)

Pity the poor Dodo! Once she was able to fly gracefully, often reaching majestic heights. But now, she is losing her plumage and every attempt fails to get her off the ground. However, despite her disappointments, the Dodo still fusses about on the ground, hopping aimlessly and spreading herself thin. The Dodo lives on a diet of fame, which she believes makes her ageless. This, of course, is impossible, since everyone knows that the Dodo is extinct.

THE HIPPOPOTAMAO

(Peipingus Perilous)

The Hippopotamao is a fearsome beast who lives by himself behind a curtain of bamboo. Full of fears and suspicions, he bellows constantly about his most hated enemy, the sly Chiangaroo *(Taiwanus Offshoreus)*. Because of the immense size of the Hippopotamao, he has a ravenous appetite and will attack and swallow up any smaller animal that lives close to his lair. Oddly enough, one attack seldom satisfies him and an hour later he is hungry to attack again.



THE CASTROACH

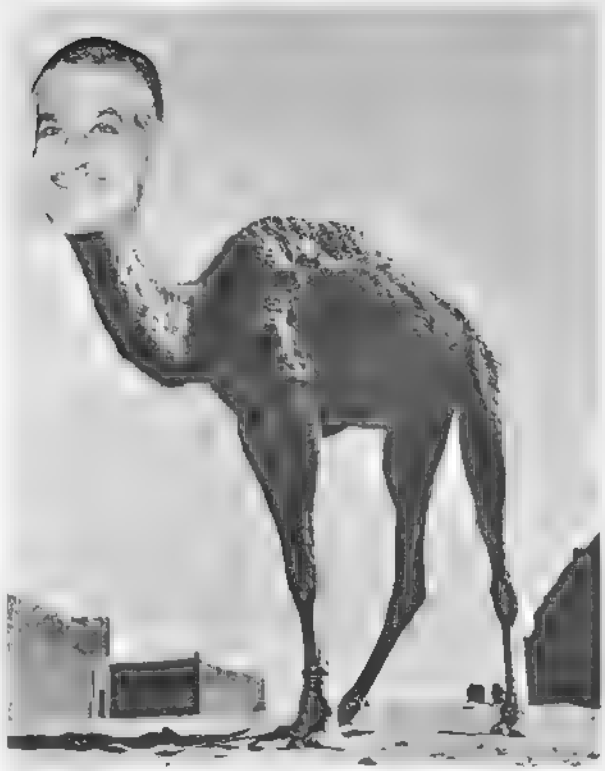
(Revolutionus Infectus)

This irritating pest might have been eliminated when he first appeared some years ago, but somehow he managed to survive, due mainly to ineffective or weak insecticides. Now, the Castroach is a rapid and persistent breeder, and it is feared that he may be infesting the underdeveloped areas around him. The pest thrives in hot climates, thanks to scraps of food tossed his way by his overfed cousin, the Red Starantula *(Kremlis Insidious)*. When threatened, the Castroach emits a series of horrible cries which can last for several hours and cause death by sheer boredom.

THE TINY TIMPANZEE

(Tiptoeus Tulipus)

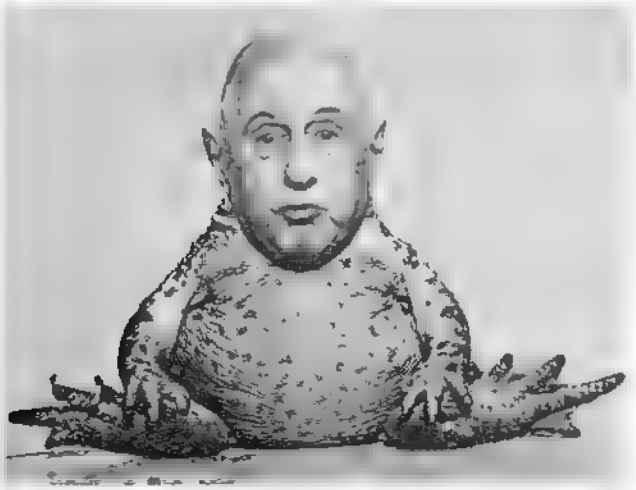
Of all the creatures, the Tiny Timpanzee is the kindest and the most thoughtful. He seems to be willing to make himself look ridiculous in order to please his admirers, contorting his face foolishly and uttering weird, high-pitched giggles. When other creatures laugh at him, the Tiny Timpanzee just smiles, because secretly he knows he is bringing happiness to people. He also smiles because secretly he knows he is pulling down 5000 bananas a week.



THE GAMEL

(Egyptus Absurdus)

The Gamel is noted for his large hump, without which he could not function since it contains his brain. The Gamel is often referred to as "The Lip of the Desert". This is because of the strange ritual he performs every few years. Bellowing an awful roar, he can be seen tearing across the desert to attack his enemies. Then, three or four days, he can be seen bellowing another awful roar and tearing back across the desert to where he started. So it is not at all surprising that the Gamel is considered a backward creature.



THE SNOUTED FROG

(Pompus Obnoxious)

The Snouted Frog is a durable creature who stays alive by feeding on his own ego. He usually can be found sitting proudly on his own lily pad in the middle of a small lake called the "Common Pond", croaking loudly how democratic he is while simultaneously kicking out any creature that he doesn't want around. Periodically, the Snouted Frog will leave his lily pad in order to stir up the waters in other ponds. At such times, he puffs himself up to twice his normal size by using his unlimited supply of hot air.

THE POWELL CAT

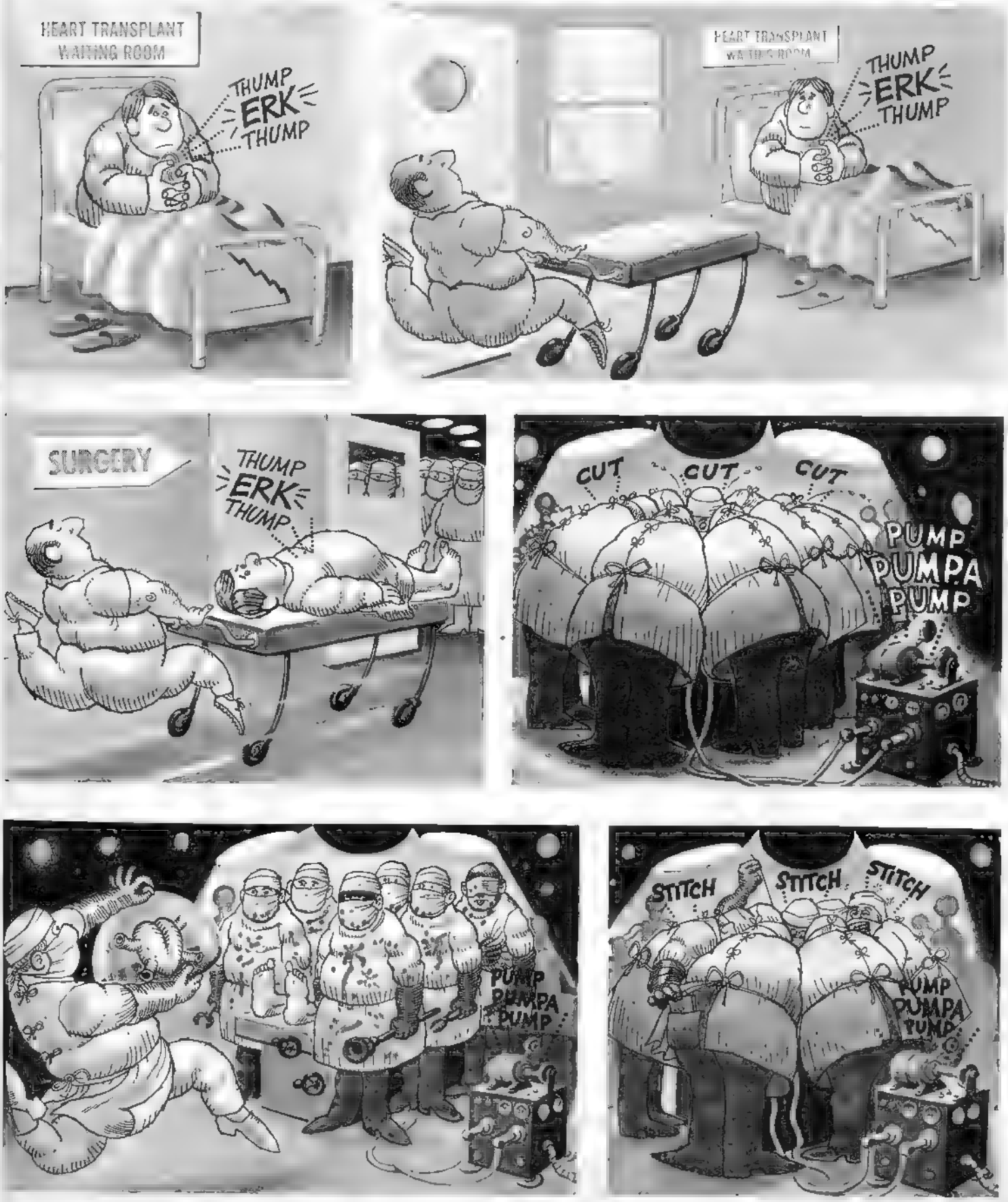
(Representus Absentia)

The Powellcat is a noisy, troublesome creature whose lair is supposedly in the Northeastern United States. However, every two years, he is named "King of the Local Forest" by his neighbors there, after which he immediately disappears only to turn up later, prowling some far-distant tropical beach. This is because several years ago, the Powellcat lost his homing instinct which accounts for his lack of direction. When tracked down, the Powellcat lets out wild screams of outrage at the thought of being domesticated. Fortunately, early in 1969, he was finally House-broken.

PUMP AND CIRCUMSTANCES DEPT.

THE HEART TRANSPLANT

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE



HEART TRANSPLANT
RECOVERY ROOM
THUMP
THUMPA
THUMP

THUMP
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ERK

HOSPITAL
BILL
Jaffee

With the "Art Film" and the "Foreign Film" taking over more and more of our movie market, somebody thought it might be funny if MAD were to investigate this phenomenon. (The somebody, of course, was the writer of this piece!) And so, this is Hugh Frowns . . . about to interview Mr. Carlo Levinetini—who is

MAD'S "FOREIGN FILM PRODUCER OF THE YEAR"

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Mr. Levinetini, I notice that "Symbolism" is used a great deal in your Foreign Films—

That's right! Symbolism is very important. In fact, the greatest symbolist of all—Frederico Linguini, is shooting a Foreign Film here right now!

Linguini is shooting a Foreign Film in New York?!

So!? If he shot it in his own country, it wouldn't be a Foreign Film in Italy, would it? They love Foreign Films there, too!

Then, after they show it there, we import it back here! And any film imported from Europe is a Foreign Film, right?

Hey, Frederico! This is Mr. Hugh Frowns from MAD. He wants to know about symbolism!

You've come to the right Director, Mr. Frowns! This scene that I'm shooting now is a perfect example of Linguini symbolism . . .

That girl dressed in black represents Death . . .

. . . that man dressed in purple represents Desire . . .

. . . that woman in green represents Rage . . .

. . . and that man dressed in white?

Oh, he's the Good Humor Man! Would you like something? A chocolate pop—or a vanilla cup?

N-no! Nothing, thanks! For a minute there, I thought he was in the movie!

He IS—NOW! So are you two!

You mean anyone who walks in here becomes part of the movie?!

That's nothing! We leave food on the floor! You should see what kind of wildlife we've filmed!

That doesn't make any sense at all!

I couldn't agree with you more! It doesn't make any sense to ME, either! And it doesn't make any sense to the cast or the crew . . .

. . . But to the audience and the critics—God bless 'em—it always seems to make sense!

Excuse me, Mr. Linguini, but I don't know how to handle this scene! I—I understand it!

No wonder! These pages are in the correct order! Fire the script girl at once!

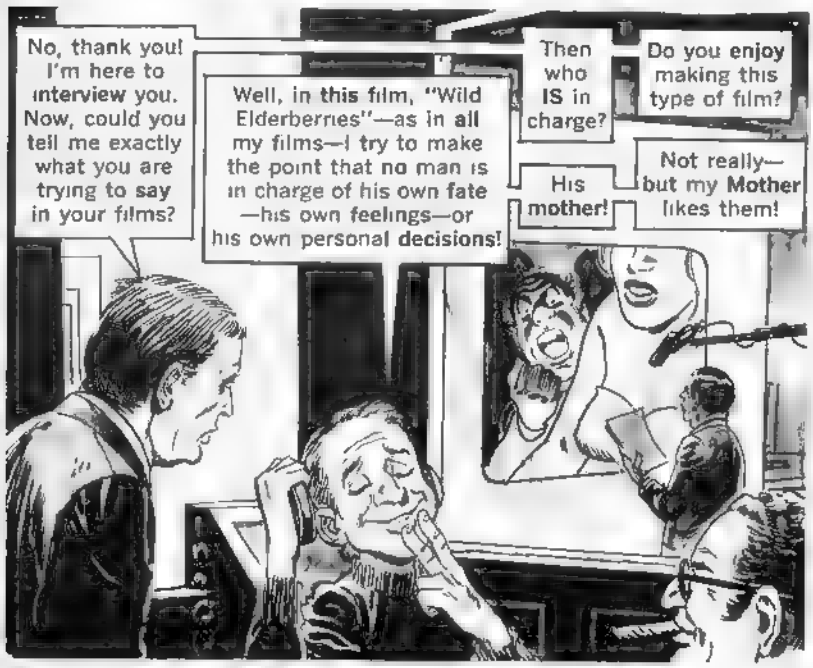
Attention everyone! There is something terribly RIGHT with the script!

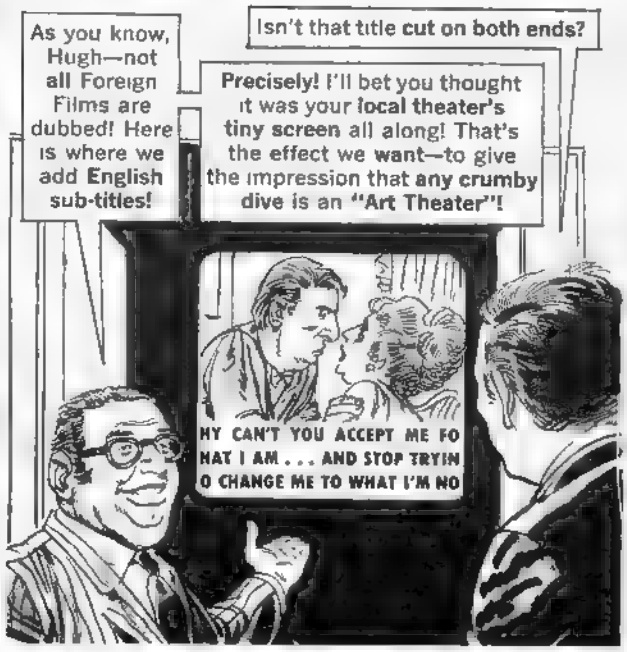
So we will shoot it in this order: Page 1—then page 4—2—9—3—46—10—5—31 . . .

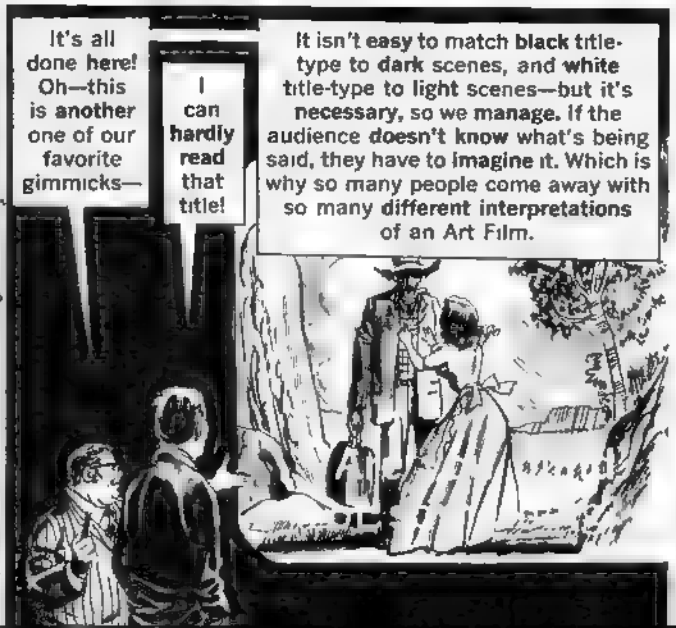
C'mon, Hugh! Let's see what Ingmar Bergmar is doing! He's in our English Dubbing Room!

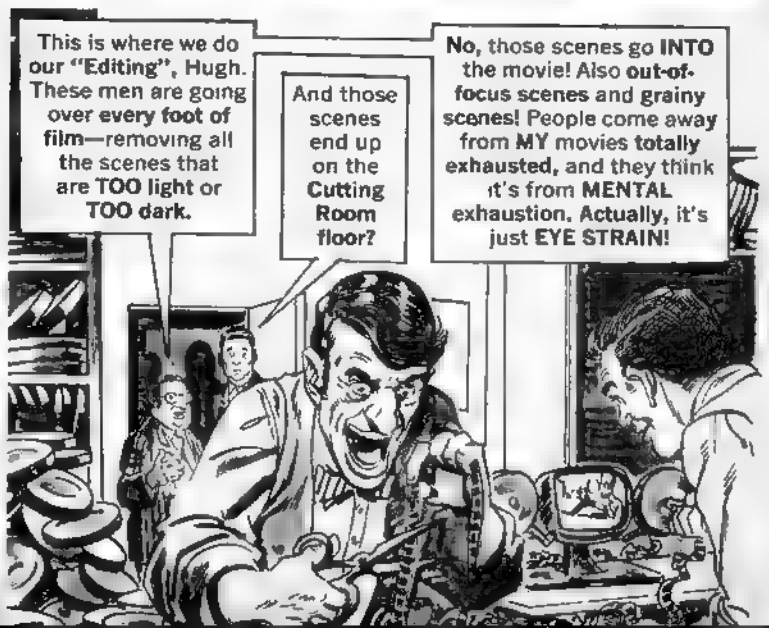
I love you so much, Sven! So much —much!
CUT!! Mrs. Finch, your words matched the moving lips on the screen over 20 times! I WILL NOT STAND FOR THAT!!
During rehearsals, you were perfect! Not once did your words match up with the lip movements! NOW, they suddenly match up!? Must I remind you that this is a Foreign Film— and you must be ahead or behind the lips—NEVER WITH THEM!!

Ingy, baby, meet Mr. Hugh Frowns!
I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Bergman! I've seen all of your films and I think—
Marvelous! Wonderful!
What!? That I've seen all of your films?
No! That your words hardly match your lip movements! You want a job, maybe?


No, thank you! I'm here to interview you. Now, could you tell me exactly what you are trying to say in your films?
Well, in this film, "Wild Elderberries"—as in all my films—I try to make the point that no man is in charge of his own fate —his own feelings—or his own personal decisions!
Then who IS in charge?
His mother!
Do you enjoy making this type of film?
Not really— but my Mother likes them!

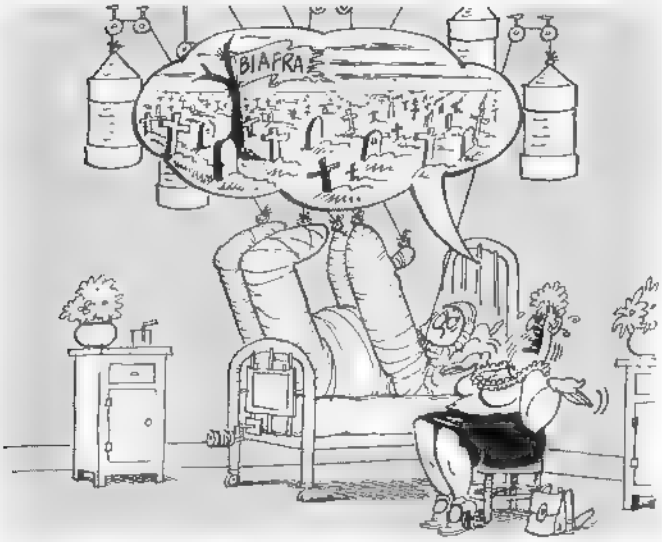

As you know, Hugh—not all Foreign Films are dubbed! Here is where we add English sub-titles!
Isn't that title cut on both ends?
Precisely! I'll bet you thought it was your local theater's tiny screen all along! That's the effect we want—to give the impression that any crumby dive is an "Art Theater"!
HY CAN'T YOU ACCEPT ME FO HAT I AM . . . AND STOP TRYIN O CHANGE ME TO WHAT I'M NO

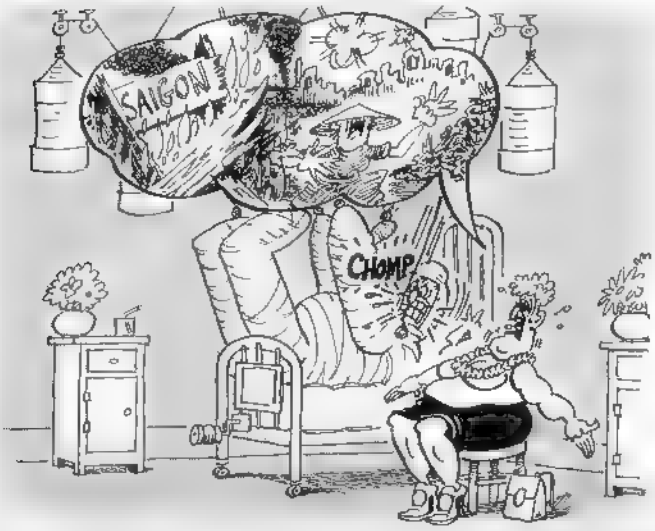

It's all done here! Oh—this is another one of our favorite gimmicks—
I can hardly read that title!
It isn't easy to match black title-type to dark scenes, and white title-type to light scenes—but it's necessary, so we manage. If the audience doesn't know what's being said, they have to imagine it. Which is why so many people come away with so many different interpretations of an Art Film.

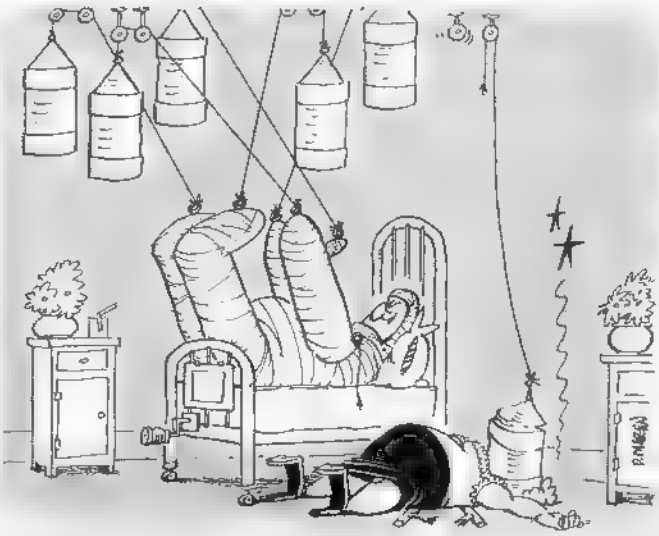

This is where we do our "Editing", Hugh. These men are going over every foot of film—removing all the scenes that are TOO light or TOO dark.
And those scenes end up on the Cutting Room floor?
No, those scenes go INTO the movie! Also out-of-focus scenes and grainy scenes! People come away from MY movies totally exhausted, and they think it's from MENTAL exhaustion. Actually, it's just EYE STRAIN!

And now, into the cellar and home of the most FOREIGN of my "Foreign Film" enterprises . . . The "Underground Movie"!
Hugh— this is the world's foremost maker of Underground Movies . . . Mr. Andy Wormhole—
Hi, Sweetie! I'll be with you in one moment—
All right, kids. I'm ready to make another movie. This one will be about—about—er— 14 HOURS LONG! That's what it will be about!
So when I count to three, do something for about 14 hours— Ready . . . ? One— Two— Three . . . GO!!
But no one is doing anything!
Give 'em time! They'll think of something. And if they DON'T—better yet! Now if you'll excuse me, I don't want to be around when I'm directing one of my films!
I see you've won plenty of awards. You must make excellent movies!
The movies I make are all BOMBS!
But there are 1,467 Foreign Film Festivals a year, Hugh . . . and only 750 Foreign Films! So it's impossible not to win SOMETHING! Last week, the "Coming Attractions" of one of my films won the "Gerard Fokker Bronze Medal", the "Juan Valdez Blue Ribbon" and the "South Flatbush Film Festival Festoon"!
Tell me, did you see my latest— "CLOSELY WATCHED ACCIDENTS"?
Oh! Was that one yours?
What did you think of it?
Well, it certainly was not the best Foreign Film I've seen! In fact, I left before it was over, and I was glad I went out when I did. My wife stayed to see it and said it got even worse. It was a great disappointment! That's my candid and honest opinion!
Thank you, Hugh! May I quote you in one of my full-page ads?
You want to quote a negative reaction like that?
Well, we won't have room for ALL of it, but I'm sure we can use parts of it!
Be my guest, Mr. Levinetini —and thank you for a most enlightening interview! Bye!
Hello, Sid? I want a full-page ad for "Closely Watched Accidents" tomorrow Take down these review quotes . . .
". . . THE BEST FOREIGN FILM I'VE SEEN!"
". . . SEE IT"
"IT WAS . . . GREAT"
". . . I WAS GLAD I WENT"
". . . CANDID AND HONEST"

One Day In A Hospital







You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

. . . your hostess steers you away from the Hepplewhite!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

. . . you're very often a case of mistaken identity at the beach!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

. . . a napkin is only effective when it's used as a bib!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

. . . your wife is automatically assumed to be a great cook!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

. . . you start wearing "loafers" because you can't reach the laces.

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

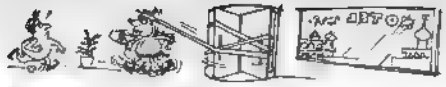
. . . you seem to be very popular with the kids on hot, sunny days.

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

. . . kids try to make you laugh so they can watch your tummy jiggle!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When . . .

. . . you're the unanimous choice for the lead role at the Christmas Party!



OVERWEIGHT When...

ARTIST:
PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER:
JACK KENT

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

...you notice that they're making stairs steeper than they used to!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

...you can't see all of you in a full-length mirror!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

...you can make a sloppy knot in your tie, and nobody knows the difference!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

...it takes less water to fill the bathtub than it used to!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

...you give up your seat to an old lady... and two old ladies sit down!

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

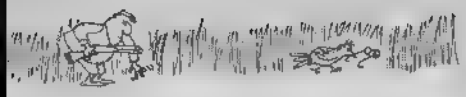
...you feel that anything under a quarter isn't worth stooping to pick up.

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

...it makes a difference where you sit in the boat.

You Know You're REALLY OVERWEIGHT When...

...you take off your belt and your pants don't fall down!



PICKET YOURSELF DEPT.

One thing is certain: Pick up your daily paper and there's a story about some new protest demonstration. Aren't you getting sick and tired of stories about protest demonstrations? Well, now you can throw away your

MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIV

1	2
500 Yippies	the streets
Black militants	the suburbs
Shouting students	a back alley
3 Acid heads	a vacant lot
Angry mothers	the sewers
Right-wing extremists	their living rooms
Underpaid teachers	the girl's dorm
Overpaid teachers	the Dean's office
Enraged Maoists	a revolving door
Mark Rudd	a phone booth
An old maid	the YMCA
A bunch of nuts	Harry's Diner

PROT

NEWSPAP

.....(1)..... paraded

in .....(3)..... today pr

The demonstration began after.....

by .....(7).....

When police arrived they were greeted b

.....(9)..... The police responded ...

evening, the Governor declared .....(1

5	6	7	8
a bearded male	seized	an off-duty policeman	rocks
a moustached female	denounced	the S.D.S.	obscenities
a homemade bomb	suppressed	a Senate Committee	manhole covers
a Viet Cong flag	attacked	a CBS News Team	abuse
a C.I.A. agent	beaten	counter demonstrators	insults
a dope pusher	fondled	advocates of free love	bananas
Jerry Rubin	obliterated	the Mayor	praise
Eldridge Cleaver	arrested	the Governor	pizza crusts
Mod Squad	applauded	the President	mandalas
Dr. Timothy Leary	put on probation	angry in-laws	old Nixon buttons
a picketing cabbie	hugged and kissed	proxy	flowers
"MAD Magazine"	ignored	mistake	rain

daily paper because MAD hereby presents one single news story to take the place of the hundreds you've been wading through. Simply fill in the numbered blanks from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll enjoy

VE DO-IT-YOURSELF

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

TEST

ER STORY

through .....(2).....

otesting .....(4).....

(5)..... was .....(6).....

y a shower of .....(8)..... and shouts of

.....(10)..... Speaking over television, this

)..... and called.....(12).....

3

Berkeley
Chicago
Detroit
Greenwich Village
Haight-Ashbury
boredom
anger
the nude
new Spring hats
confusion
drag
single file

4

the war in Vietnam
school bussing
higher taxes
slumlords
the Supreme Court
marriage
divorce
dirty magazines
freedom of speech
dirty movies
baths
this article

9

"Make love, not war!"
"Make war, not love!"
"Hell no, we won't go!"
Draft beer, not students!"
"Burn, baby, burn!"
"Fascist pigs!"
"Nixon was the one!"
"Commie cruds!"
We love Mayor Daley!"
"Up against the wall!"
"Walt Disney lives!"
"Sock it to me!"

10

with nightsticks
with tear gas
with mass arrests
by ducking
in kind
with a big hello
by refusing to listen
with a song
by yelling back
with snappy stories
by retreating
by resigning

11

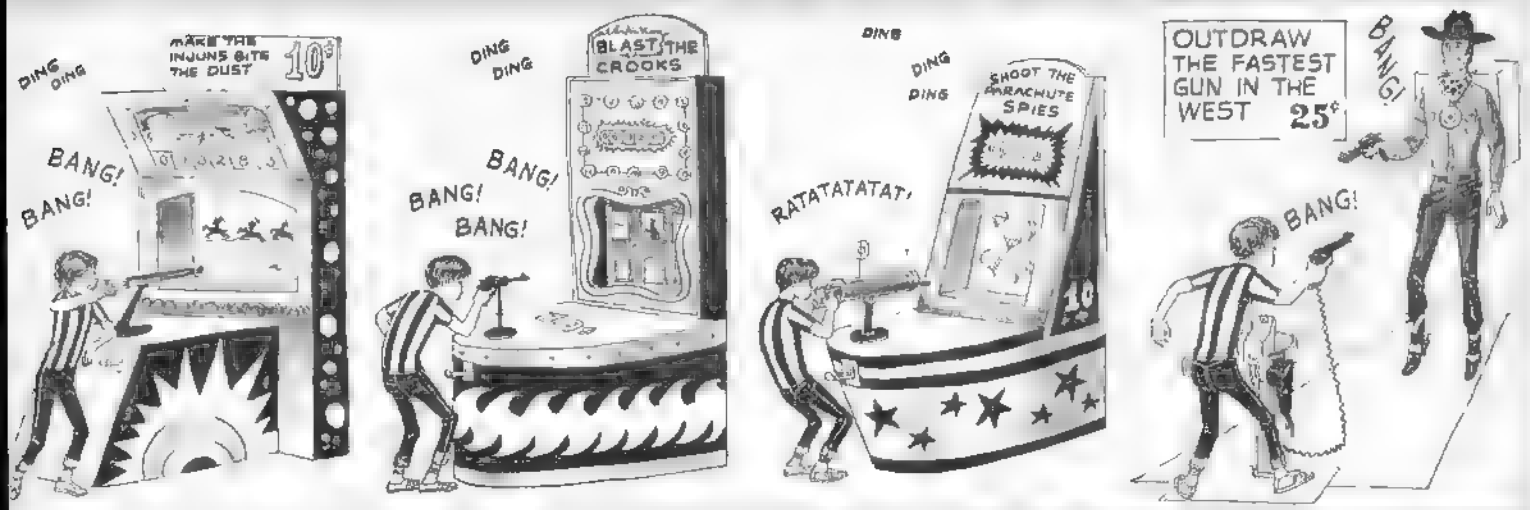
a state of emergency
a cooling-off period
that he was quitting
a new holiday
an extra dividend
that he was uptight
the sky was falling
that he was unfit
a day of mourning
he was a new grandfather
bankruptcy
war

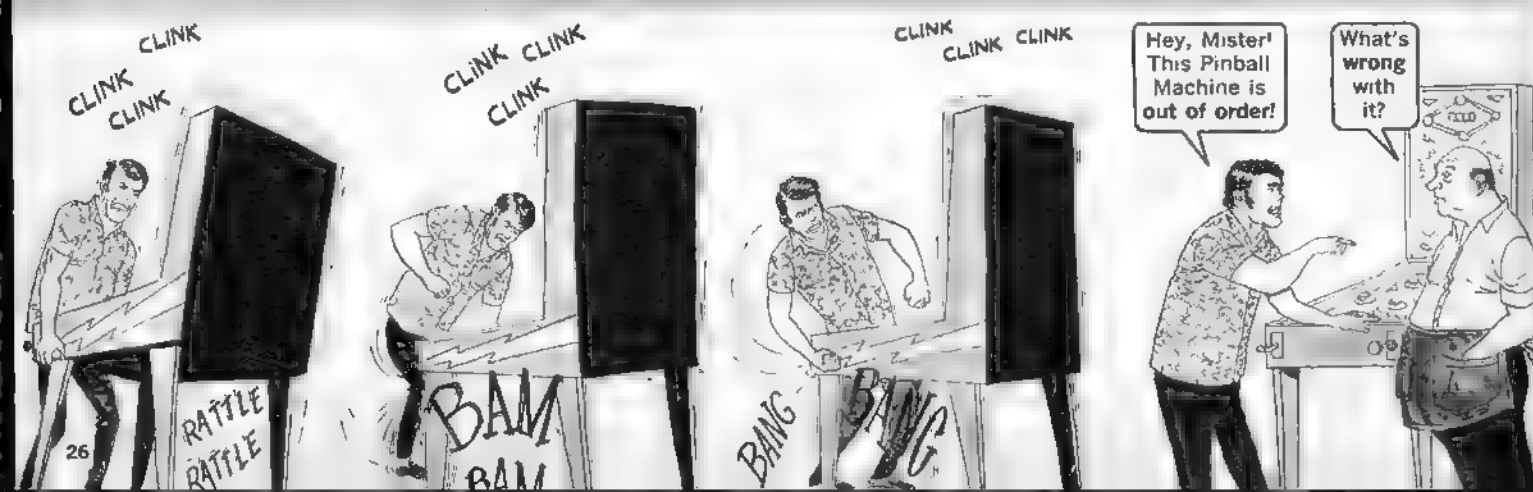
12

for calm
for help
up the National Guard
for an investigation
Dial-a-Prayer
for his pipe and bowl
out for sandwiches
for higher taxes
for equal time
everybody names
for sweeping changes
his mother

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

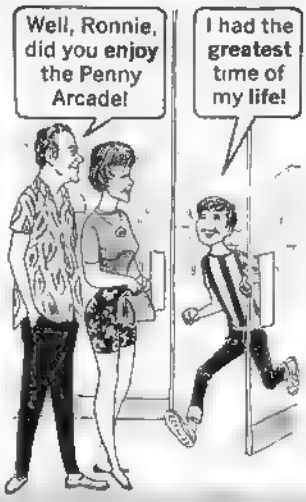
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... AMUSE

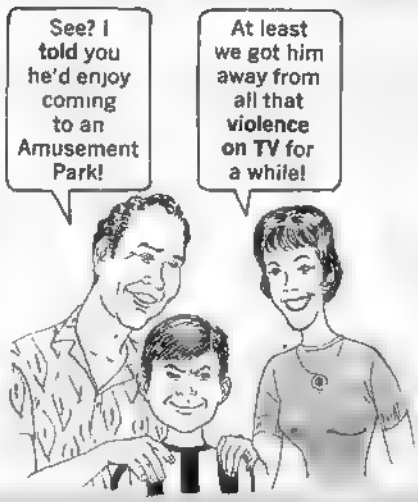


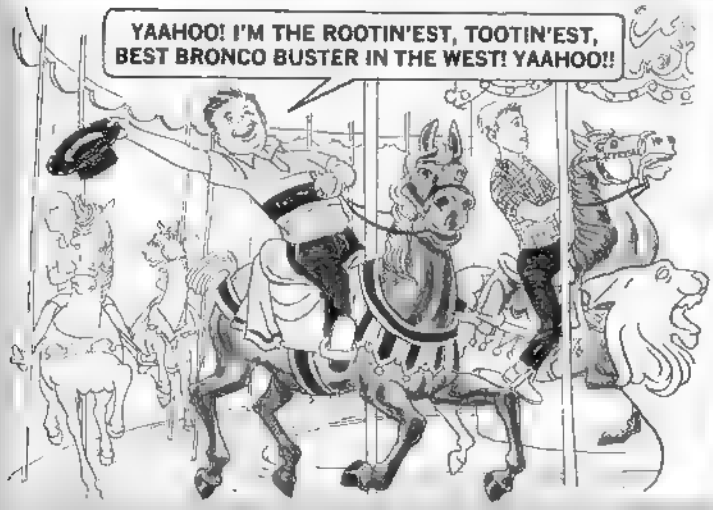


MENT PARKS

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG







Here, Hon—take a picture of us while I go with Mitchy on the Choo-Choo Train!

You egomaniac! You'll do anything to have your picture taken!

No, you're wrong! I'll do anything to get a ride on a Choo-Choo Train!

Well, I like riding on a Choo-Choo Train, too! So I'll go with Mitchy, and you take the picture!

Tell you what—we'll both go on the Choo-Choo Train!

B-but . . . who's gonna take the picture?

PLAYLAND

Daddy, I wanna make a Spin-Art Picture!

What's a Spin-Art Picture?

Will you please explain it to my Mother-In-Law?

Surely! First we place this piece of paper on the turntable inside this box and we start it spinning!

As the little boy squirts different colored paints onto the spinning paper, the centrifugal force spreads them outward into various shapes and patterns!

Then, when we shut off the spinner . . . *Voila!* We have a modern painting!!

My Grandson did THAT!? Why . . . it's beautiful!!

Y'know this big deal boxer, Kevin Martin? Well, he's not such a big deal! I knocked him out five times!

Who are you kidding? A runt like you knocking out a Golden Gloves Champ!?

Well, he really did it! He kept popping me right on the button!

You're both putting me on!

I swear it on a stack of Bibles!

Cross my heart and hope to die!

I don't like being teased! I'm leaving!

I can't understand why she didn't believe us!

"KNOCK OUT" POP 'IM ON THE BUTTON!

10¢

Mom! Can I go on the Ferris Wheel again? Can I, Mom?

ABSOLUTELY NOT!

But that's not fair! Sis went on it five times already! How come you didn't stop her?!

She didn't ask!

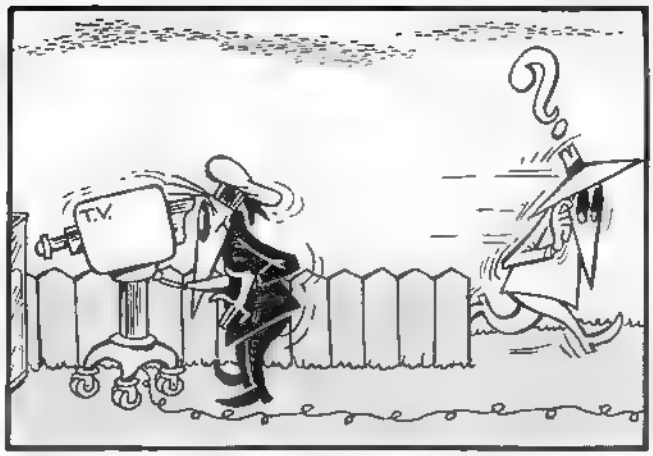
When we were on the "Roller Coaster" and the car went down the first drop and up around the turn, I felt sure it was gonna jump the track and we'd all HAD it!

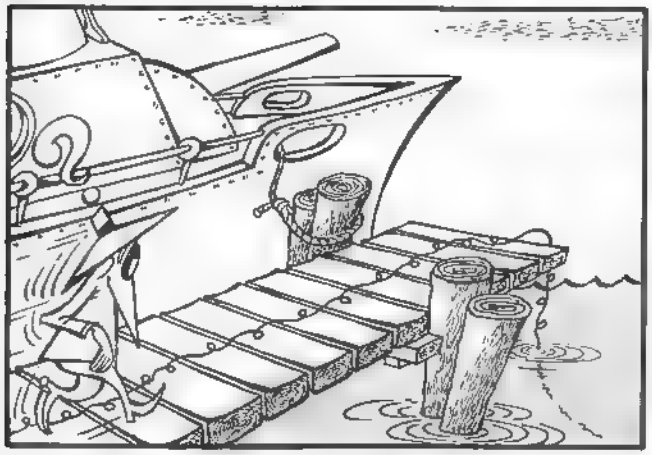
I felt that way when we were on "The Whip"!

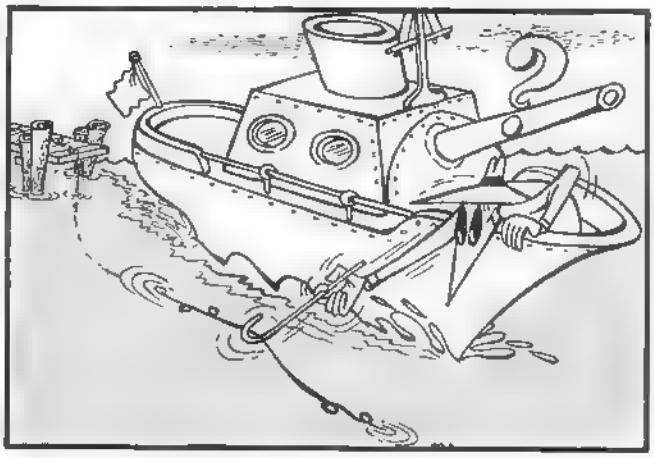
Honey, is this ride too scary for you?
No, Daddy! I'm all right!
Are you sure? Is your stomach getting queasy from all this up-and-down and 'round-and 'round motion? Because if you feel sick, all you have to do is call out to the operator and he'll stop the machine!
OH, MR. OPERATOR! PLEASE . . . STOP THE MACHINE!!
MY DADDY WOULD LIKE TO GET OFF!
I hope you realize that his talent comes from MY side of the family!!
—sob— —sob—
S'matter, kid? Are you lost??
N-no—sob— I'm right here!
It's m-my—sob—Mommy and Daddy who are lost—WAAA!!
Place your bets, folks!
What number should I play?
Ahh—32! That's your age! No-no! Make it 28! That's my age! Wait! Play 7! That's always a lucky number!
Hold it! Put it on 22! That's our address! Or better yet, 5! That's when the kids go back to school! No—I know! Play 18! That's how old I was when we met!
Forget it! I'll just close my eyes and pick ANY number!!
And the winning number is . . . 28!!
See!? I told you to play number 28!!
And when we were on the "Topsy-Turvy" and it turned upside down, I thought we were finished!
It does seem silly to pay 35¢ apiece—just for the privilege of being scared to death!
Yeah, but it's sure worth it!!
HEY! WATCH IT, TONY!
THE WAY YOU TOOK THAT CURVE, YOU ALMOST TURNED THE CAR OVER!
GEEZ! YOU ALMOST SCARED US TO DEATH!!
That'll be 35¢ apiece, please!
SCREECH

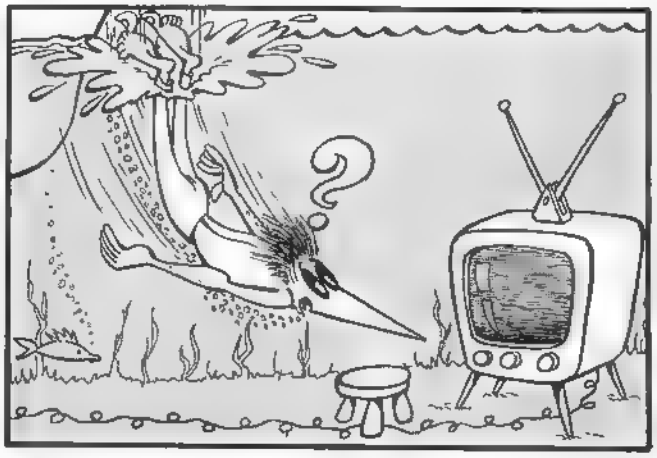
4 POSES 25¢
Yecch! These are awful! That's not me! Look at that ugly nose and that silly grin! That's not me! And look at that chin, and those ears sticking out, and that messy hair! That's not me!
Le'me see those pictures . . .
Are you crazy?! These pictures are great! They make you look like a beautiful, intelligent, desirable, sexy young chick!
That's ME!!
Oh, no! Look at all the junk she brought home from the Amusement Park!
IT'S NOT JUNK!!
It's a collection of sentimental mementos of a marvelous day I spent with a marvelous boy—groovy Gary Frick!
Okay, love-struck! Where are you gonna put 'em? Your room is already cluttered with sentimental mementos of the marvelous days you spent with marvelous, groovy Harry Dixon!
Harry Dixon!? That creep!! I don't see him any more! I'll get rid of THAT junk!!
Hey! Look at this! It's the control for an "Air Jet"—a gimmick they had years ago for blowing up girls' skirts! When a girl would pass over it, it would send her skirt billowing high over her head!
Fun house
Just for old time's sake, let's try it!
Okay! Here come some cute chicks now! Let 'er go!
Hoo-Boy! It still works! I'm blowing their skirts up!
Yeah, but with the mini-skirts they wear these days, you really can't tell the difference!!
SHWISH
Don't tell me you're eating again! You've had hot dogs, hamburgers, cotton candy, pop corn, pizza pies, custard and who knows what! Why do you keep eating all the time?
What ELSE is there to do at an Amusement Park?!

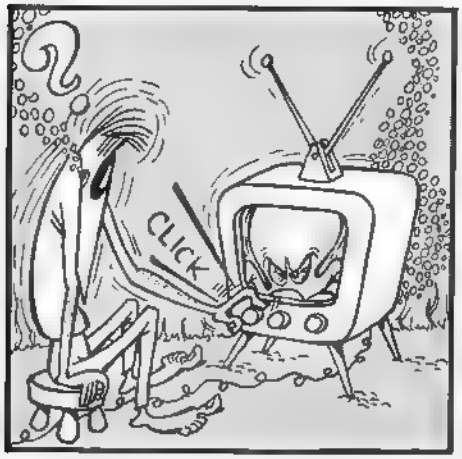
SPY vs SPY

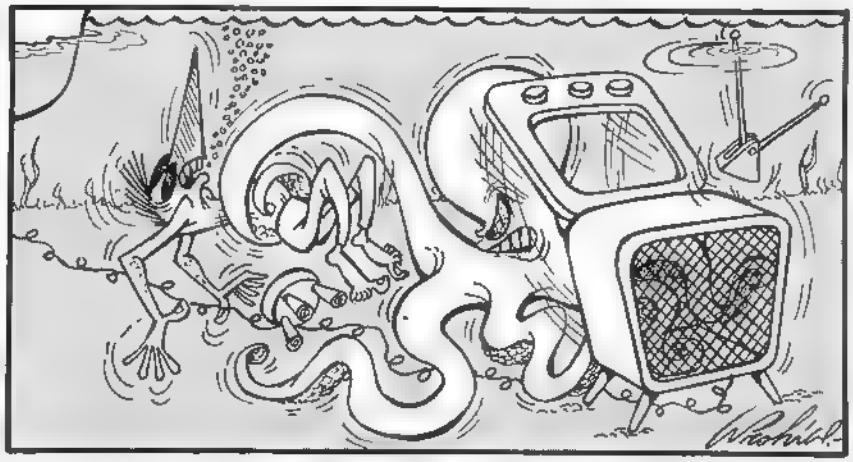












FOR BETTER OR VERSE DEPT.

When a couple gets married, they can be sure of receiving "Greetings To The Newlyweds" cards from every conceivable source. However, despite today's

SOME "GREETIN NEWLYWEDS" W

To Our Daughter, The Bride —

Your wedding cost two thousand bucks,
As well as we can judge it;
And though it was a sacrifice,
We surely don't begrudge it;
A costly wedding's something that
A parent understands;
We would have spent a *billion*
Just to get you off our hands!

Mom & Dad

To the New Couple

Today you two appear to be
A young, devoted duo;
But soon will come the arguments
About the bills that you owe;
And after that the knock-down fights,
The cursing and the shrieking;
So why not call us up right now
While both of you are speaking!

HIGGENBOTTOM & SMEED
Divorce Lawyers

To The Newlyweds —

As you cruise down the road of life
In blissful love requited,
Remember that you're now a team—
A happy pair united!

In case this verse perplexes you,
There's no need to feel troubled;
It's just our way of saying that
Your premiums have doubled!

ACME AUTO INSURANCE CO.

frightening trend toward "All-Purpose Greeting Cards," there are still some areas and messages missing from the "Newlyweds Cards" racks. So here are:

G CARDS TO THE E'D LIKE TO SEE

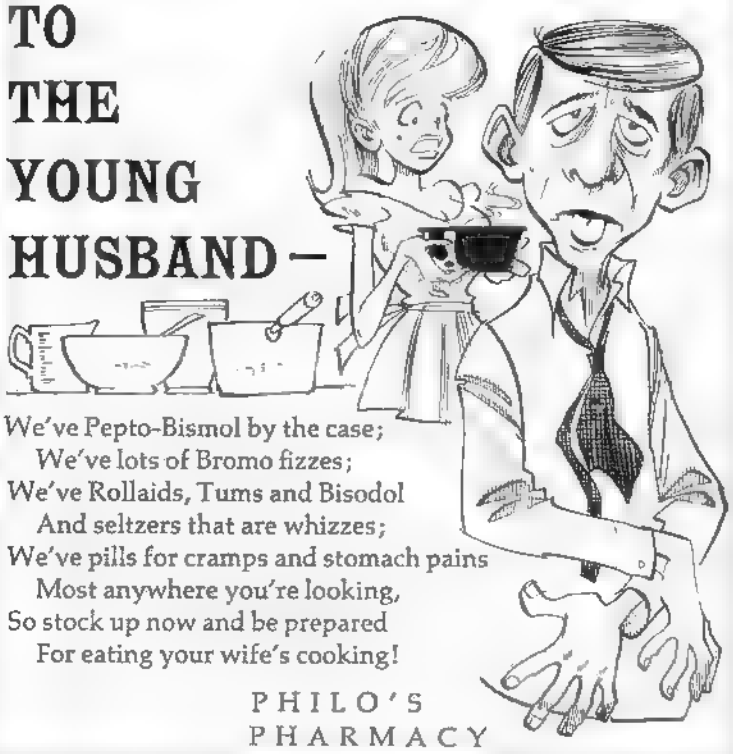
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE • WRITER: FRANK JACOBS • IDEA: DAVID HUNTER

DEAR HONEYMOONERS—

Your wedding trip is over now;
Your honeymoon is ended;
We're sure you liked your stop-off here
And found the weather splendid,
By now, you must be settled down;
Your brand-new home is started
With all those blankets, chairs and lamps
You stole when you departed!

MAGNOLIA MOTEL

TO THE YOUNG HUSBAND—



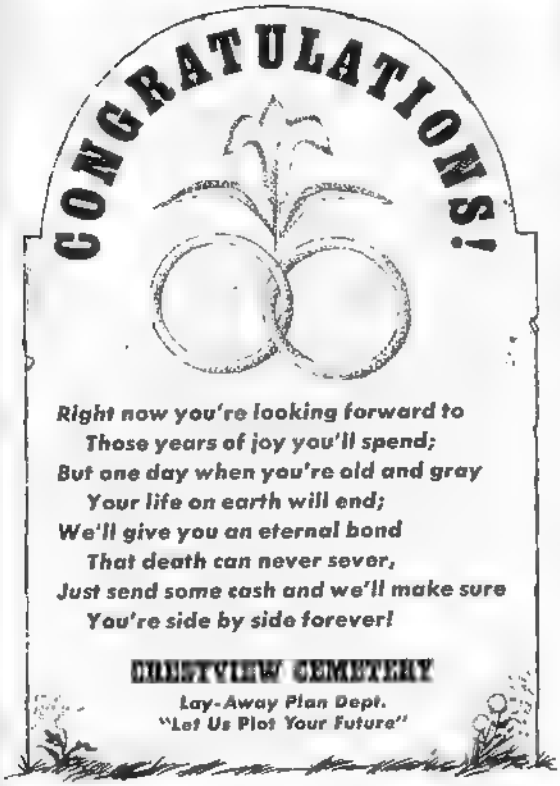
We've Pepto-Bismol by the case;
We've lots of Bromo fizzes;
We've Rollaids, Tums and Bisodol
And seltzers that are whizzes;
We've pills for cramps and stomach pains
Most anywhere you're looking,
So stock up now and be prepared
For eating your wife's cooking!

PHILO'S PHARMACY

DEAR YOUNG MARRIEDS—

Your skills in self-defense may seem
A trifle weak and spotty;
If so, it's time to take our course
In judo and karate;
Though both of you may pray for peace
And feel each man's your brother,
You'll need our course for all those fights
You're having with each other!

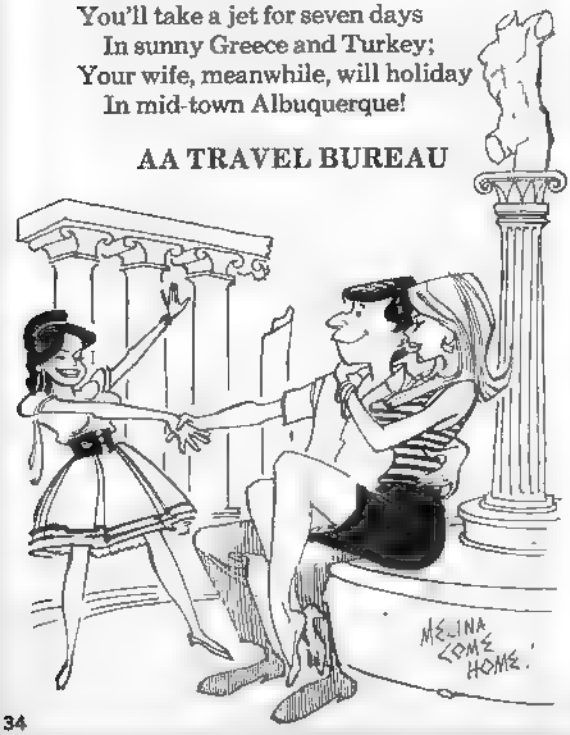
MIGHTY MISHKIN'S SCHOOL OF SELF DEFENSE



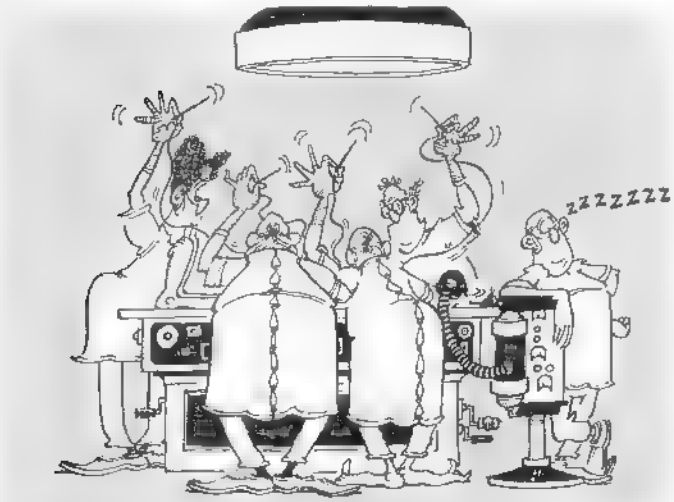
TO THE YOUNG HUSBAND—

This summer your young wife and you
Will take your first vacation!
The trip that we are mapping out
Will fill you with elation!
You'll take a jet for seven days
In sunny Greece and Turkey;
Your wife, meanwhile, will holiday
In mid-town Albuquerque!

AA TRAVEL BUREAU



One Day In A Sawmill



INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

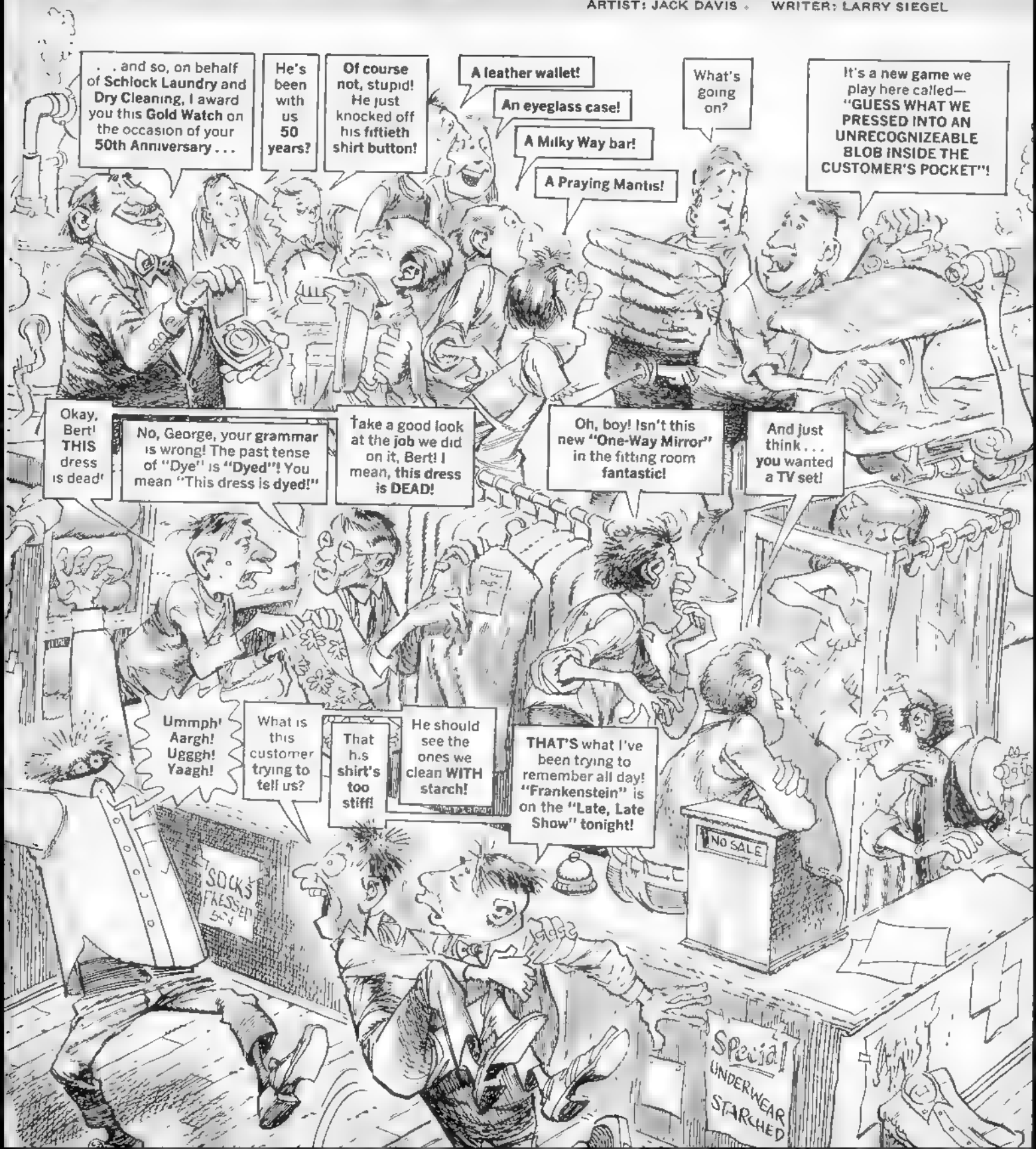
Here we go again, gang, with another installment of our new series which explores that hidden world

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE SC

where dedicated people are working tirelessly and secretly to make our lives miserable. This one is

ENES: AT A LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANERS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS • WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



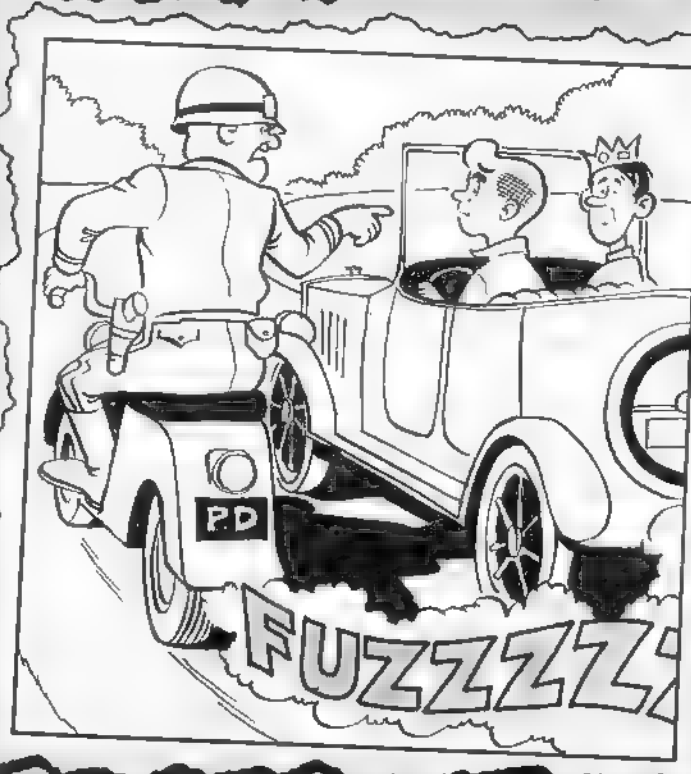
PUNCH IN THE NOISE DEPT.

Y'know those "Cartoon Sound Effects" like **"BANG!"** and **"SOCK!"** and **"SPLAT-T!"** and **"WHAM!"** that we see in our daily Comic Strips? Wouldn't

A MAD PORTFOLIO OF...

APPROPRIATE CO

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



it be more effective if these "Sound Effects" actually represented what was taking place in the Comic Strip? To explain what we mean, here is . . .

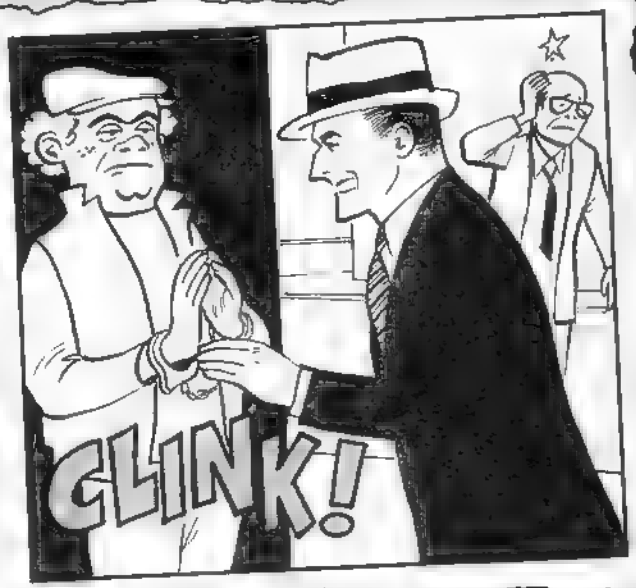
MIC STRIP SOUND EFFECTS

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

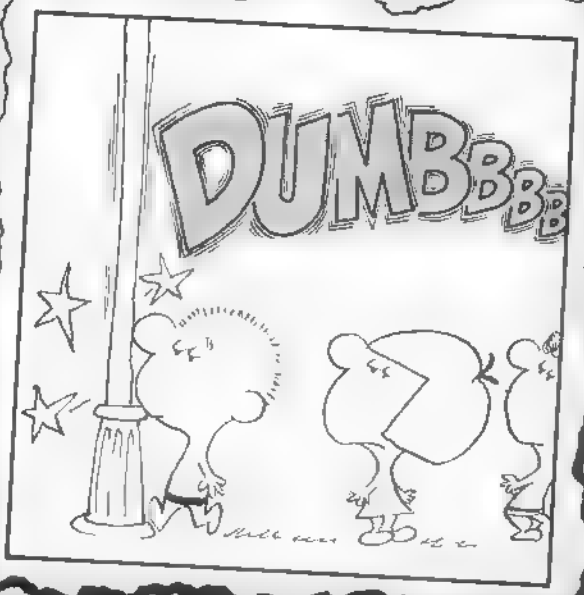
FRUMP!

SWISH!

THUG!


CLINK!

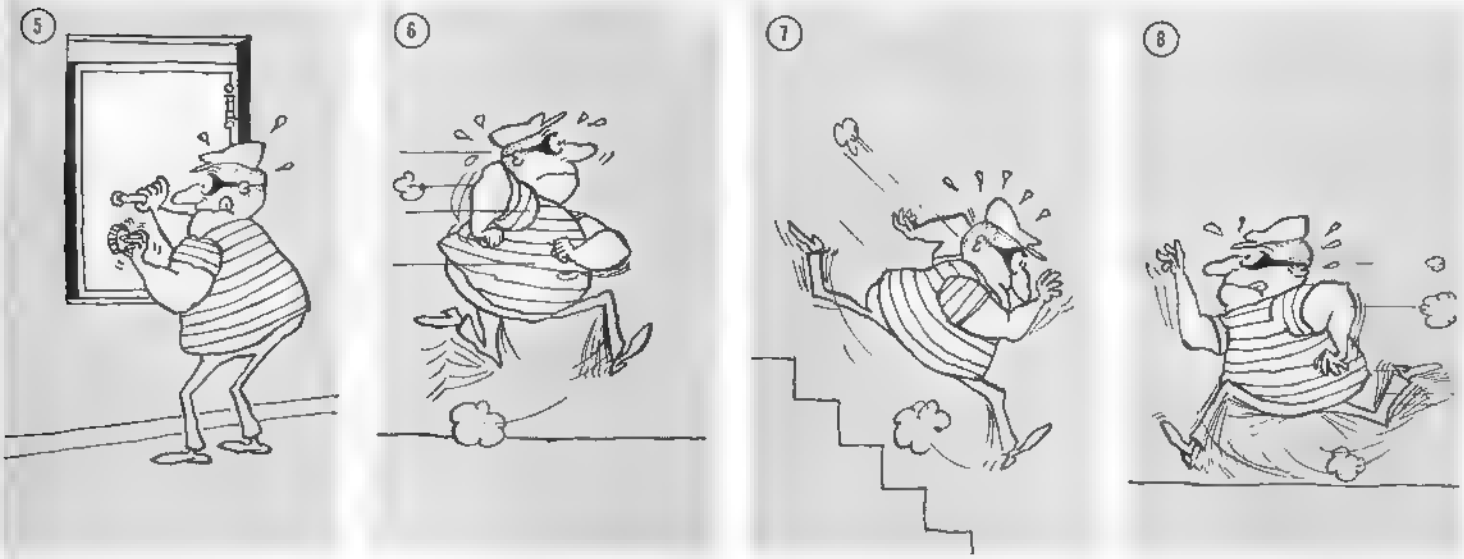
GOD BLESS OUR HAPPY SALOON
BARROOM

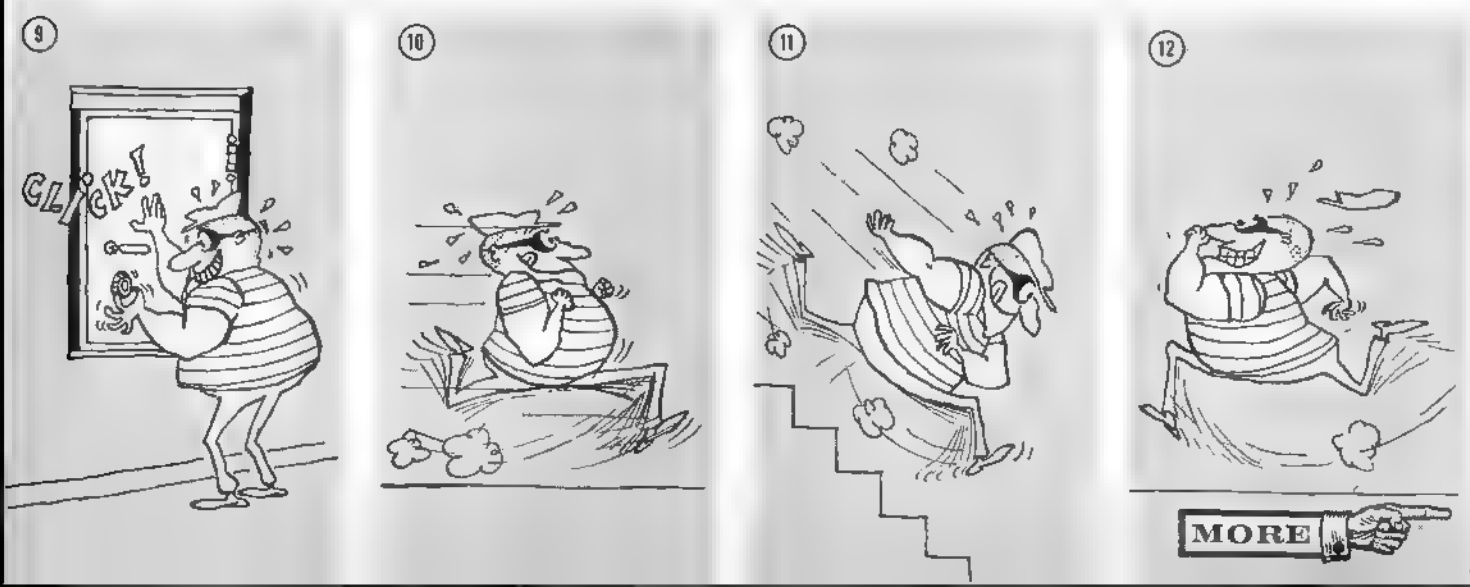

DUMBBBBBB

SAFE ON SECOND DEPT.

THE HEIST

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





MORE

485
DANGER
BAR
ARAGONÉS

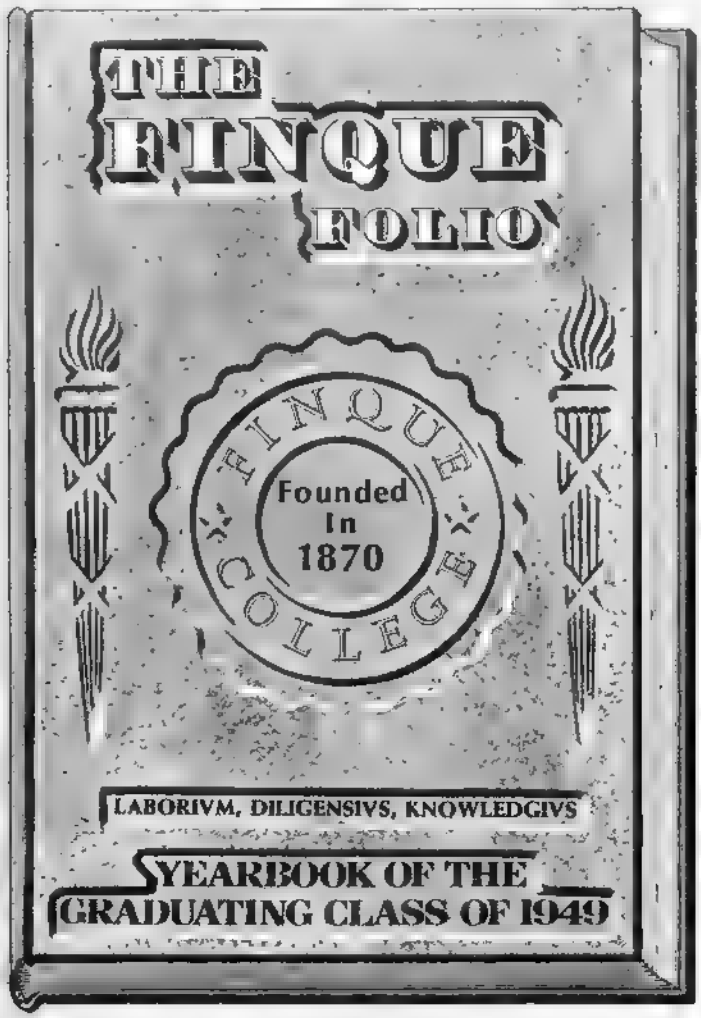
RAH-RAH-RIOT DEPT.

"The times . . . they are a-changing!" sang Bobby Dylan. Well, nowhere have the times a-changed things as dramatically as they have on the American College Campus. To illustrate these vast changes, we'd like to present excerpts from two College Yearbooks . . . one, a typical Yearbook from your parents' college generation, and the other, a typical Yearbook of today. Here, then, is . . .

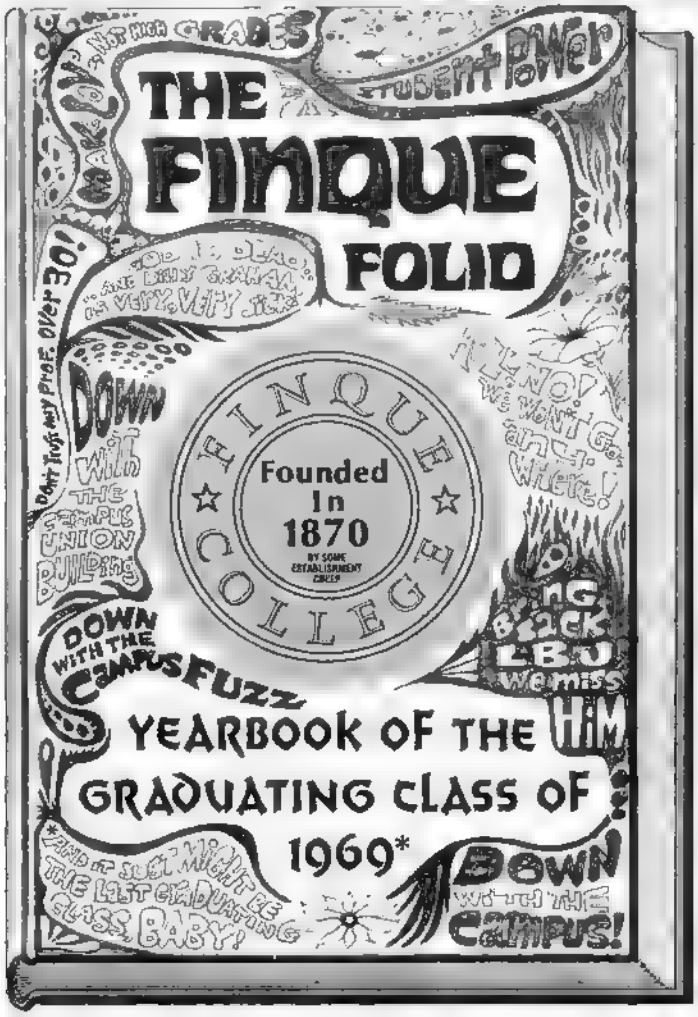
A MAD LOOK AT TWO COLLEGE GENERATIONS

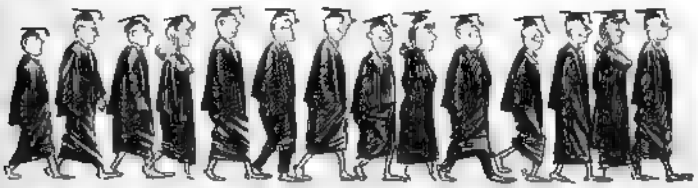
ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

A TYPICAL COLLEGE YEARBOOK OF 1949



A TYPICAL COLLEGE YEARBOOK OF 1969





THE CLASS OF 1949

HOWARD J. WHITNEY
HomeTown: Akron, Ohio

Treasurer of the Library Club, Organizer of the Zeta Beta Psi Sunday School Picnics, President of the Kay Kayser Campus Fan Club.

Math Medal, ROTC Good Conduct Medal

Voted: Boy Most Likely To Be An Accountant.

Ambition: *"To become a CPA, marry the girl next door, have three children, and be the best jitterbug in Akron, Ohio."*

LINDA FERNSCHREIBER
HomeTown: Merrick, Long Island

Home Economics Major, Vice President of the Senior Girls Hygiene and Moral Cleanliness Club, Chairman of the Campus Beautification Committee, Junior Class Dating Chaperon, Campus Representative for B'nai B'rith.

Ambition: *"To get married, move into a Mother-Daughter Two-Family House (with my husband downstairs, and my mother and I upstairs) and become the Mah Jong Champion of all Nassau County."*

WASHINGTON LINCOLN JONES
HomeTown: Savannah, Georgia

President of the Senior Boys Tap Dancing Club, Secretary of the Stepin Fetchit Fan Club, Captain of the Union Building Shoe-Shine Team, Vice-President of the Cafeteria Kitchen Squad.

Merit Award for Creative Chicken-Frying

Voted: Boy most likely to be a Bell Hop.

Ambition: *"To be the best (and only) Bell Hop ever to graduate from college."*

THE CLASS OF 1969

FRIG STUYVESANT
HomeTown: Freakout, Maine

Senior Class Travel Agent for LSD Trips, Campus Representative of Mao Tse Tung, Dean's Office Wrecking Squad, Captain of the Dow Chemical Campus Baiting Society.

Picketing and Protesting Honor Roll.

Voted: Most Conscientious Campus Conscientious Objector

Ambition: *"After 4 years as an outstanding campus agitator at Finque I hope someday to enroll in this school as a student."*

FLEUR VERBANICK
HomeTown: Detroit, Michigan

Treasurer of the Senior Latin-American Revolutionary Council, Senior Girls Pot Monitor, Campus Liason for Imprisoned Student Demonstrators, Chairman of the Free Love Society, Captain of the Union Building Window-Smashing Squad.

Voted.
Unmarried Campus Mother-Of-The-Year.

Ambition: *"To run away and live in a cave with Ho Chi Minh.*

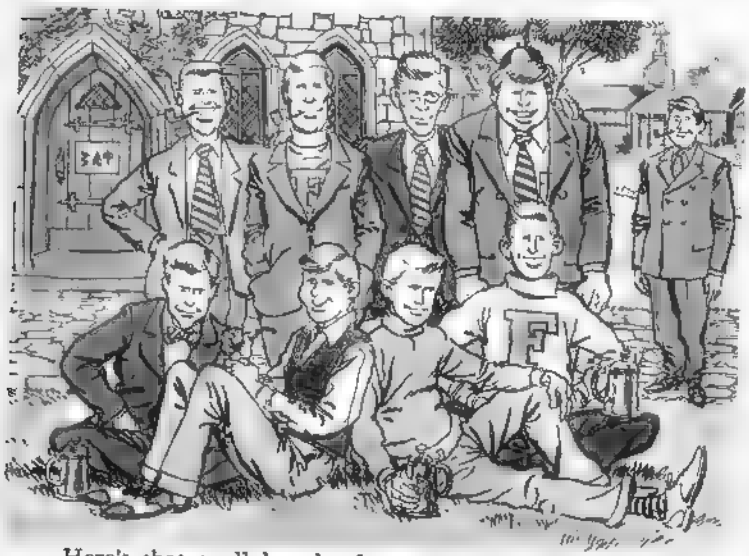
RAP WHITE
HomeTown: Greenwich Village, N.Y.

Captain of the Student Store Looting Team, President of the Sidney Poitier Movie Campus Picketing Squad, All-Star Campus Soul Brother, Senior Class Black Panther Honkey Chasing Committee

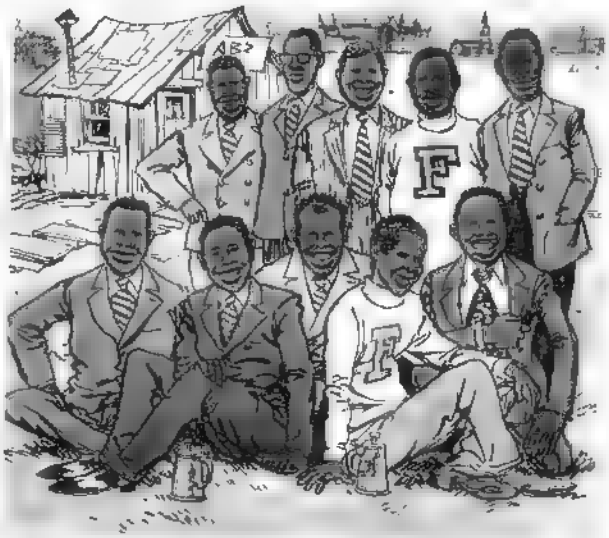
Voted: Boy least likely to be called "Boy"

Ambition: *"I want everything, Man! Not now! YESTERDAY!!"*

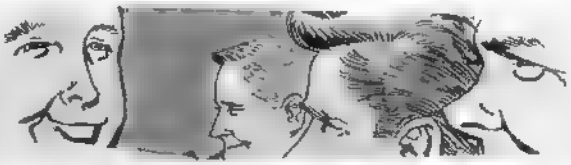
1949 CAMPUS FRATERNITIES



Here's that swell bunch of guys at Sigma Dela Wasp, the most restricted White Protestant fraternity on campus. Seated (left to right): Arnold Pure, Daniel White, William Anglo and Thomas Saxon. Standing (left to right); Pure Waverly, White Lockhart, Anglo McKeesick and Saxon American. Standing (far off to the side of the group): Robert Edward Bigot, a pushy Presbyterian.



This is that real great group of guys at Alpha Beta Sig. All of us on campus are proud of them. They never cause trouble, they're very polite, and they know their place, mainly six miles off-campus. Standing (left to right): Leroy, James, Willie, Amos and Andy. Seated (left to right): Jackson, Birmingham, Alabama, Lightnin' and Sam.



1969 CAMPUS FRATERNITIES

Here is Sigma Delta Wasp, once the most bigoted White Protestant fraternity on campus. But we got after those Neanderthal creeps and changed all that. Now, it's open to everyone, regardless of race, color, or nationality. Seated (l. to r.): Murray Bernstein, Homer Jones, Spyros Kouris, Nehru Pandit and Lou Fong. Standing (l. to r.) Kim Korea, Ahmed Hussar, Haya Kido, Joe Thundercloud, and Nanook Nome. (Not in picture: Vito Pizzeria, Pedro Gonzales and Honorary Brother—Viet Cong Divinity Student Ngh Chu Hinh.)

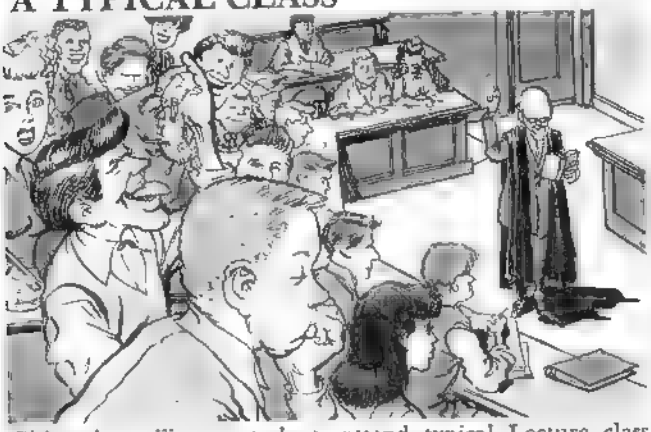
Once a segregated Negro ghetto fraternity set up by the White Campus Establishment, Alpha Beta Sig is now almost completely integrated . . . with White Protestants. Seated (left to right): Arnold Pure, Jr., Daniel White, Jr., William Anglo, Jr. and Thomas Saxon, Jr. Standing (left to right) Pure Waverly, Jr., White Lockhart, Jr., Anglo McKeesick, Jr., Saxon American, Jr. and Stokely Brown.

1949 CANDID CAMPUS PHOTOS

CAMPUS LOVE

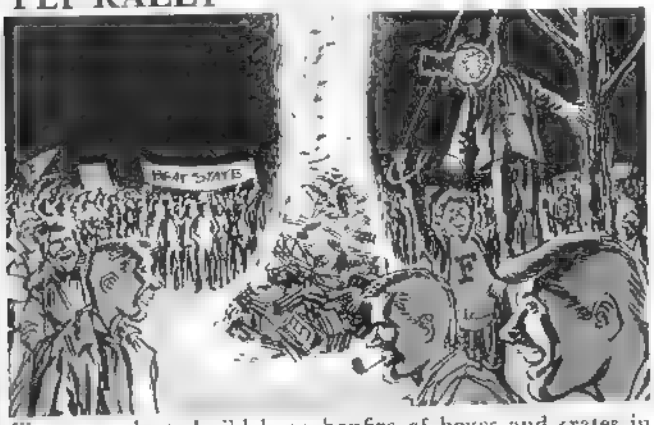
The hottest (Wow!) spot on campus is Sin Alley, outside the Women's Residence Hall. Here's a shot of a typical bunch of students engaged in all kinds of wild sex like hugging, ear-blowing and heavy handshaking. Hubba-hubba!

A TYPICAL CLASS



Thirty-three Finque students attend typical Lecture class in Pfeffer Hall. Note madcap student at left swallowing a goldfish. Ain't we the craziest generation? Solid, Jackson!

PEP RALLY



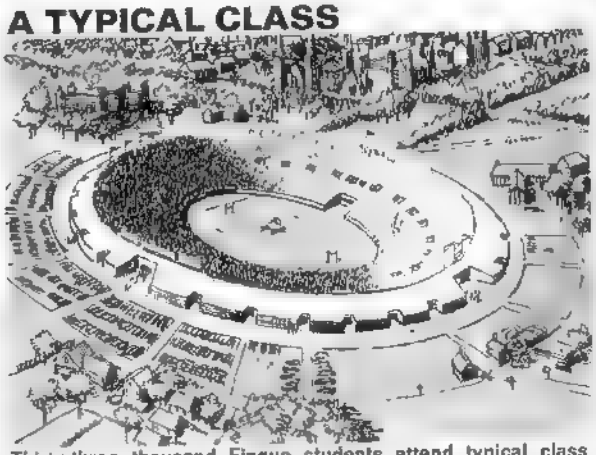
Finque students build huge bonfire of boxes and crates in order to encourage football team for big game with State. Note close likeness of State coach Pop Gribbish, who is being hanged in effigy. Go, team, go! Hey-bob-a-ree-bob!

1969 CANDID CAMPUS PHOTOS

CAMPUS LOVE

Only a generation ago, square Finque students would hang around Sin Alley behind the Women's Residence Hall and engage in silly necking. Today, as you can see by this photo, the Women's Residence Hall is a serious Family Center where students of all sexes live together and raise children together and sometimes even get married.

A TYPICAL CLASS



Thirty-three thousand Finque students attend typical class in Pfeffer Football Stadium. This is a Discussion group. Lecture groups meet Tuesdays and Fridays in Grand Canyon.

PEP RALLY

Finque students build huge bonfire of Chemistry building and Gym in order to encourage Board of Trustees to banish military recruiters from the campus. Note close likeness of Army Recruiting Sgt. Buck Chicken, who is being hanged in effigy. Hey, come to think of it, that is Sgt. Chicken!

1949 CLASS FAREWELLS

ALMA MATER
By Herbert Flotts
President of
the Senior Class

The campus grass is green and verdant
As the sun begins to sink;
With heavy heart and laden step I
Say farewell to dear old Finque.
I'll miss your ivy-covered buildings
And your profs who made me think;
And though a wond'rous world awaits me,
I will not forget you, Finque.
Should someone from another college
Ever join me for a drink
And boast of his dear Alma Mater,
I'll not flinch and I'll not blink;
I'll stare him down and say quite proudly:
"You're a Harvard . . . ?
I'M A FINQUE!"

To the Class of 1949:

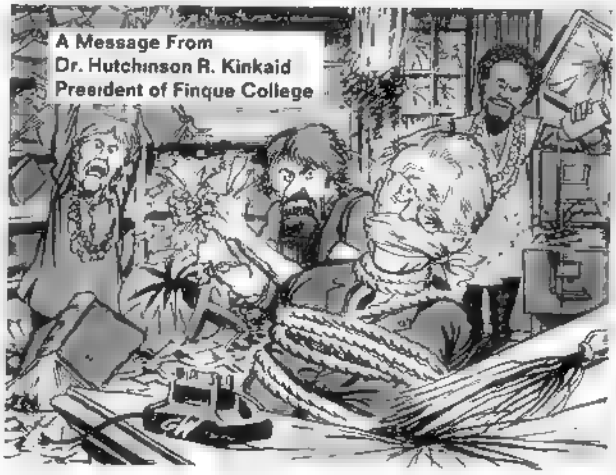
Your years at Finque College will soon be over. And they were four wonderful years, I am sure. But you must not look backward at the years behind you. You must look forward to the years ahead of you. For to go backward at a time in your life when you should be going forward is like starting a book at its end and reading toward its beginning which, in essence, has already begun long before you end it.

And so, just as you cannot begin a book at its end and end it at its beginning, so you must begin your life at its beginning and end your life at its end (and vice versa for all you Israeli Exchange Students!). Good luck and God bless you all.

1969 CLASS FAREWELLS

ALMA MATER
By Ravi Ravnick
Chairman of the Students
of the New Left

Finque, Finque, Finque,
You quagmire of stultified
Establishmentarianism
Whose grasses were polluted
By the blood-stained boots of the fuzz
When they crushed my fragile body
But spared my brain
So that it could be numbed by
Chaucer and Donne and Darwin
When my heart cried out for Che!
Finque, Finque, Finque,
You offer me a diploma,
A scrolled symbol of oppression,
Printed by the very same men
Whose money-hungry hands
Also printed my Draft Card
On the vile paper processed from trees
Destroyed to make room for super-highways
That led Reagan to Sacramento
And Nixon to Washington?
Well,
shove
it,
Alma
Mater!



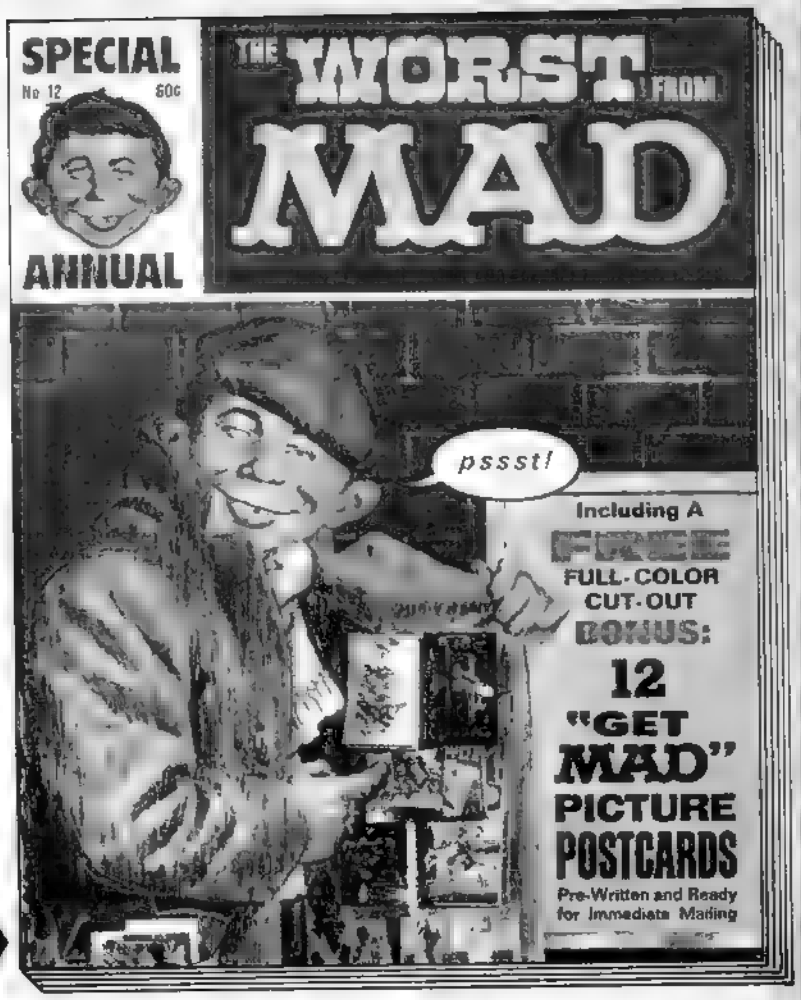
To Anybody:
HELP!!!

Is something bugging you? Well, don't just sit there turning purple with anger and frustration!

REGISTER YOUR PROTEST!
START AN AVALANCHE!!

JOIN THE GREAT MAIL-IN WITH PRE-WRITTEN "GET MAD" POSTCARDS

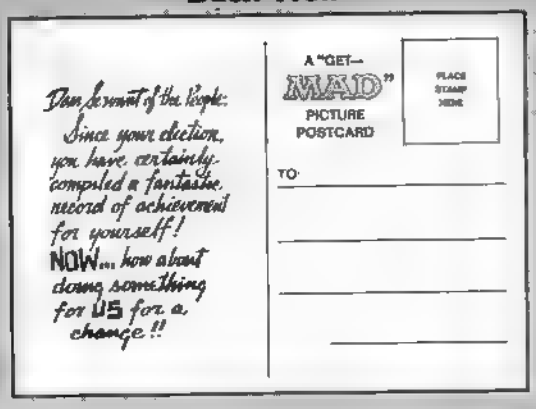
YOU GET 12 OF THEM AS A FREE FULL-COLOR CUT-OUT BONUS IN THIS LATEST MAD ANNUAL!



HERE IS JUST ONE EXAMPLE OF THE 12 FREE "GET-MAD POSTCARDS" INCLUDED

Front View

Back View



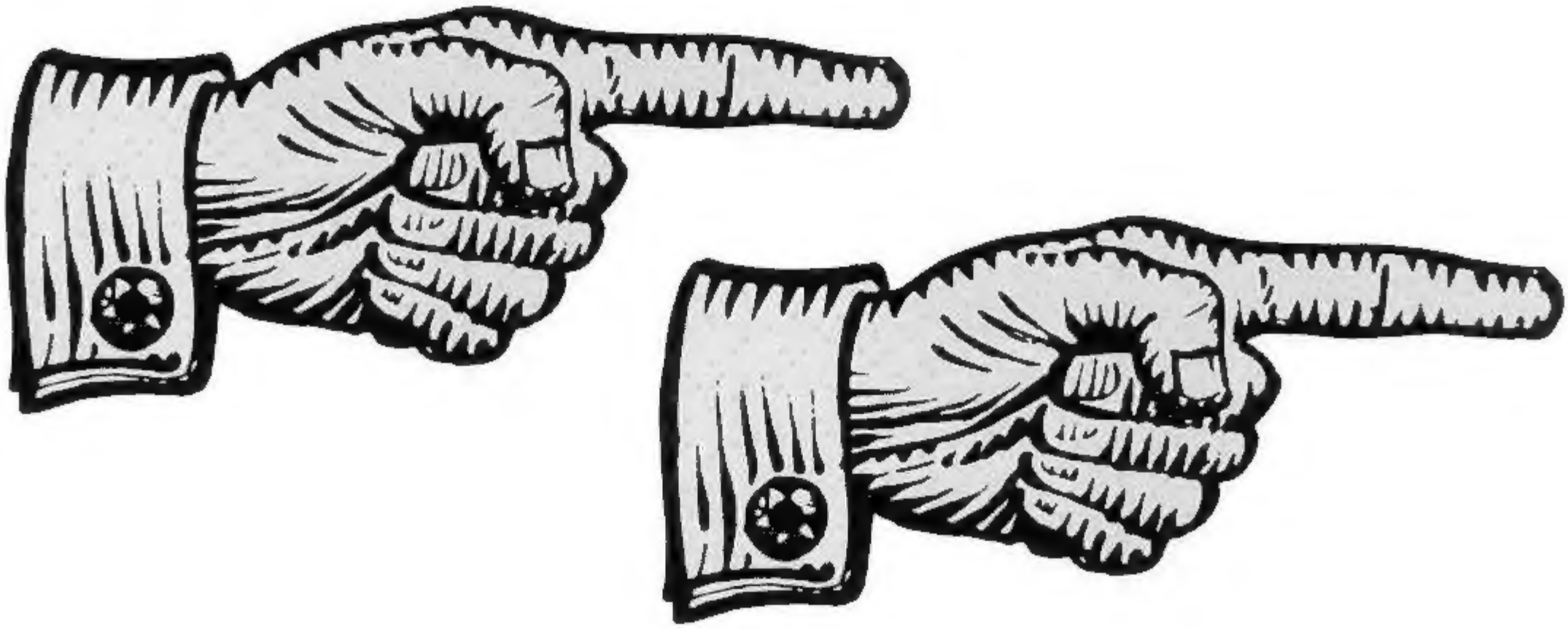
Side View

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ADDRESS AND MAIL IT TO A DESERVING STATESMAN! AND YOU GET 11 MORE... PRE-WRITTEN AS BITINGLY AND READY FOR MAILING... PLUS THE USUAL PILE OF ARTICLES, AD SATIRES AND OTHER GARBAGE... IN

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL EDITION OF

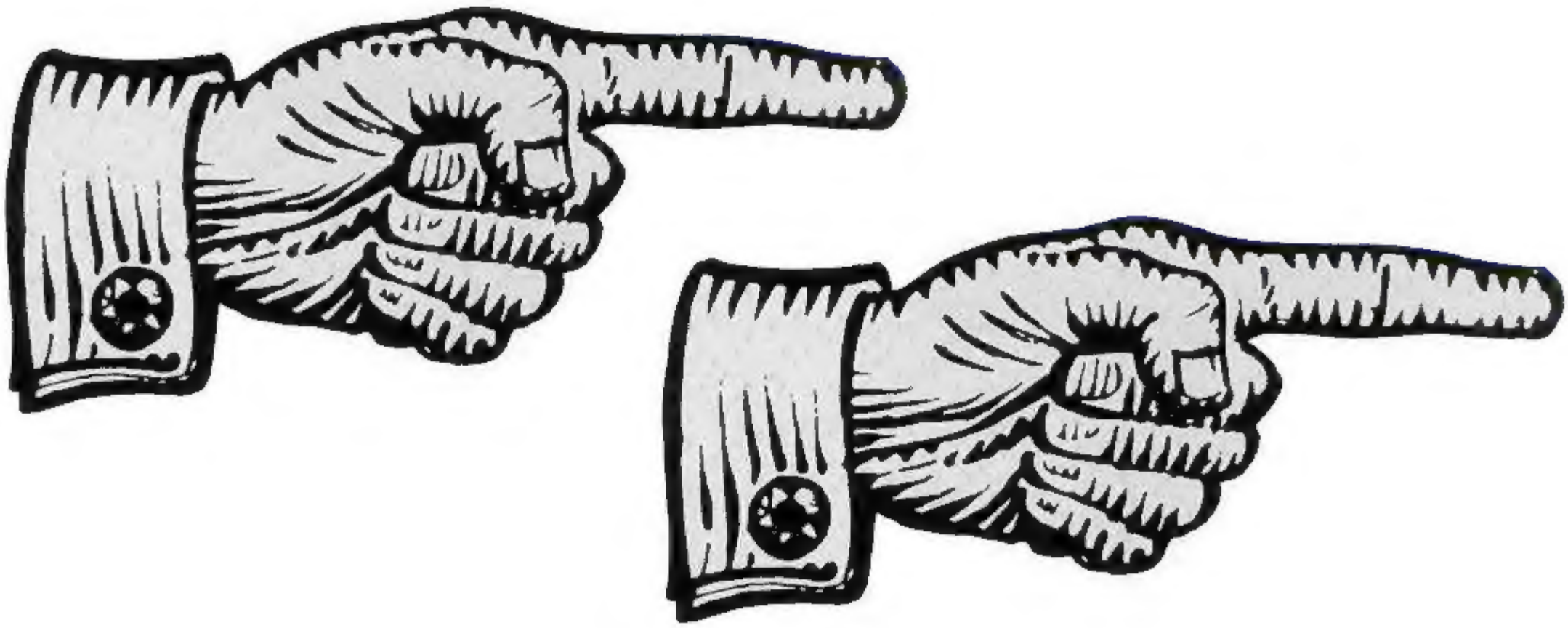
THE WORST FROM MAD

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTANDS... AND EVEN AT THE ONES YOU HATE!



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT IS THE ONE UNHAPPINESS ALMOST ALL MODERN PARENTS ARE SURE TO SHARE WITH THEIR CHILDREN?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

As parents watch their children growing up in this modern, fast-changing world—sharing all of their joys and sorrows—there is one painful episode almost all of them can count on. To discover what this misery is, fold page in as shown:

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

MOST MODERN PARENTS ARE ANXIOUS TO KEEP A HAPPY RELATIONSHIP WITH THEIR KIDS. BUT IRRATIONAL CONFRONTATIONS ARE EVEN SURPRISING EXPERTS, TAXING BOTH THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND PATIENCE

A▸ ◂B

WHAT IS THE ONE UNHAPPINESS ALMOST ALL MODERN PARENTS ARE SURE TO SHARE WITH THEIR CHILDREN?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▸◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A HAIR-
RAISING
EXPERIENCE

A▸◂B

A MAD NATIONAL MONUMENT WE'D LIKE TO SEE

"THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SMOKER"